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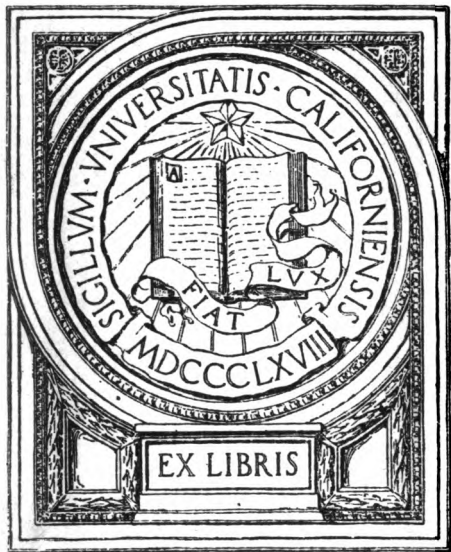
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THE  
ORANGE MELODIST.

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Original Orange Songs,

WITH  
OCCASIONAL VERSES,

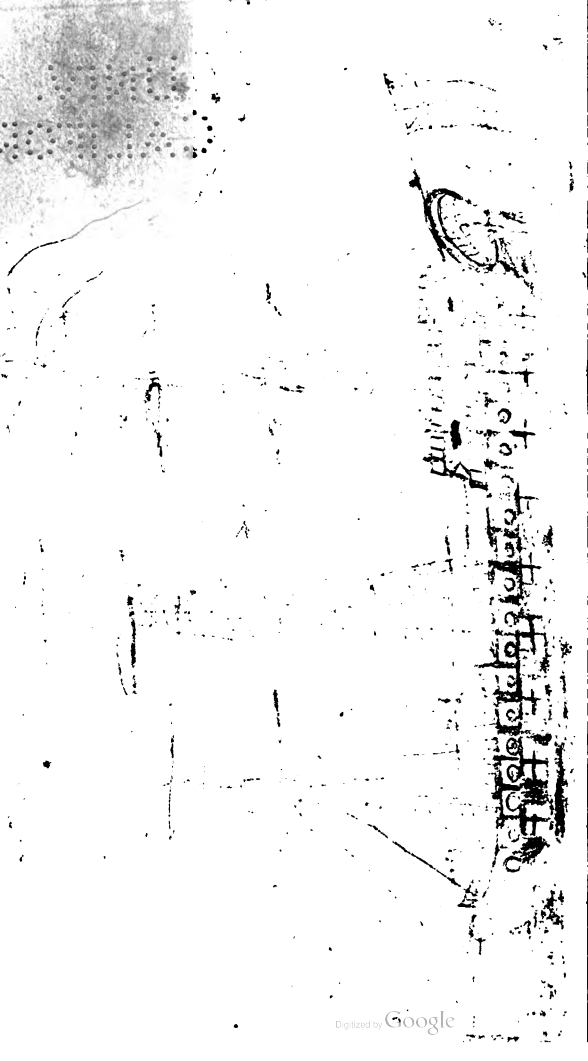
AND AN  
APPENDIX,  
Containing Copious Explanatory Notes.



BY  
BROTHER WILLIAM ARCHER,  
OLDBRIDGE LODGE, 697.

DUBLIN:  
Brother J. KIRKWOOD, Printer, 13, Upper Ormond-quay.

1852.



## PREFACE.

THE spirit of song has ever shed a benign influence over the soul of man, brightening up the fire of its energies, and warming into bloom the flowers of its sympathies and affections. Oft has the magic numbers of the lyre awakened into life the nobler feelings of our nature, which else might have slept inert, and hidden within the deep recesses of the heart, like a faint lamp suspended in a sepulchre, doomed to give out but a languid flickering flame, unseen, unfelt, and desolate. History, sacred and profane, fully illustrates this assertion.

The Psalms of David—and they are approached with reverence—these glorious effusions of the royal and devout poet imparted fire to the mind, and vigour to the arm of the descendant of Jacob. Piety, and



all its holy attributes; brotherhood, and all its social emotions; courage, and all its sparkling energies; all the virtues which adorn humanity, were called into full existence by the animating tones, the glowing imagery, and the inspired eloquence of the Harp of Israel.

Coming down to the European nations, we find the Chansons of the French Troubadours, and the ballads of the minstrels of the British Islands acting with great directing power on the public mind and national character. The song of the troubadour in dulcet strains of glowing passion, breathing its hymns to love and beauty, imparted a romantic gallantry to the people, for which their descendants are eminently conspicuous. The verses of our national bards, the hereditary minstrels of baronial chiefs, those bold relators of the trophies of war and chase, aroused by such animating ballads as Chevy Chase, the hearts of the men of old, keeping alive the spirit of feudal fealty, and inciting to deeds of note and enterprise.

The lyrics which succeeded the ancient minstrels are adorned with imperishable

names; luminaries shone in the poetic hemisphere. Shakspeare, who, from the rich mine of his poetic wealth, would sometimes scatter bright gems of sparkling song; from him, down to Moore, the last and best of the lyric poets, whose fame is identified with the unrivalled music of his native land; all, have led and entranced the hearts and sympathies of the ages in which they won the trophies of immortal verse.

Amongst the moderns we find famous instances of song. Dibden's sea songs have tended more to infuse a spirit of order, and loyalty, and friendship for their messmates, amongst British sailors, than all the coercions of all the admirals that ever paced the quarter-deck ever could have accomplished. Allan Ramsey's pastoral muse charmed the simple peasantry of Scotland, winning them away from the jealousy of clanships and feudal prejudices, to thoughts of love, friendship, the cottage, and the plough; then, oh! then the full and enthusiastic strain of Robert Burns, flowing like a lark hymn—all melody and nature—scattering in its soarings on the wings of inspiration, pride of nationality, and love of fatherland.

These are the achievements of lyrical composition—these are the trophies of “the child of song.”

The Orange Institution, from its peculiar organization, moral, political, and social; and from the truth, devotion and heroism, which adorn its history, demands, and is well entitled to have its song of loyalty, its song of fraternity, and its glorious song of triumphs; of triumphs, not ephemeral or local, but historical and national.

What is the grand purpose of history? To survey events in cause and effect; to derive lessons of wisdom from the application of facts; and to look at the past, and provide for the future. It, therefore, behoves the Orangeman to know what were the efforts of his ancestors, why these efforts, and what the results. It behoves him to profit by what he learns, to imitate the bright examples of piety and firmness set before him, and to stand as a conservator of those rights and truths for which the protestant martyr, and protestant soldier laid down their lives at scaffold, furnace, and battle-field.

Impressed with these sentiments, and anxious to promote them in others, I appeal to my brethren through the medium of song, and in its language speak to those feelings of loyalty, morality, fraternity, and temperate festivity which characterize our order. I trust that the verse which attempts to celebrate an historical event, which sings of bravery and triumph, may attain the desired consummation, to promote love for truth, and courage to defend it. The noble deeds of the revolutionary war of 1688, marked with the character of regular and soldier-like conflict, commands an admiration, and claims a eulogy, which I fear I have but too feebly expressed. But from the dreadful scenes of '98, blackened by savage aggression on one side, and dreadful retributive justice on the other, my heart turns with sorrow and dismay. In one instance only have I been provoked from my silence; it will be found in a poem, suggested by reading the well-known stanzas beginning, "Who fears to speak of '98?"

Where an historical event has been epitomized in song, or an eminent name adorns the verse, notes are appended, which, it is hoped, may be found useful and illustrative of the text.

If the following pages are examined by the eye of criticism, I may tremble for the scrutiny; but let them be tested by principle, and I stand fearless.

W. A.



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# ORIGINAL ORANGE SONGS.

---

1 In my heart there's a fervent emotion.

IRISH MELODY.

AIR—"One Bumper at Parting." (Irish Melody—Moll Roe.

In my heart there's a fervent emotion,  
Since reason first beamed on my mind,  
As a gem in the depths of the ocean,  
In light of its own 'tis enshrined;  
Like summer waves, shining and flowing,  
Or winter waves, bounding along,  
When thoughts come on rapid and glowing,  
My heart and my soul's in my song.

To friendship, when mirth fills the glasses,  
And wit flashes bright as the sun,  
And the sands of old time even passes,  
Like diamond dust sparkling on;  
To beauty when youth fills the bowl up,  
And fancy's bright visions will throng;  
When love calls the light of the soul up,  
My heart and my soul's in my song.

And, oh! when the chivalrous story  
Of Nassau comes bright o'er my mind—  
His banner, his trumpet of glory,  
His brow with the laurel entwined.  
When Derry the bosom inspires,  
When Boyne the proud feelings prolong;  
Oh! then with the zeal of our sires,  
My heart and my soul's in my song!

B



2

I've oft been asked.

AIR—"The Battle and the Breeze."

I've oft been asked by curious men,  
Whose spleen I well could scan,  
To give a reason why and when  
I am an Orangeman;  
And as from such folks e'er to shrink,  
It never was my plan,  
I give them reasons, fair, I think,  
Why I'm an Orangeman.

When Luther's lightnings crushed the Pope,  
A shrine he did erect,  
And holy men of grace and hope  
Its temple did perfect.  
And as *our order*, link by link,  
With Protestants began,  
That is a reason, fair, I think,  
Why I'm an Orangeman.

When William's cannon roar'd aloud—  
Its lightnings winged by fate,  
Then rose our Constitution proud,  
In Sixteen-eighty-eight;  
For it, upon destruction's brink,  
Our sires led on the van,  
And that's a reason, fair, I think,  
Why I'm an Orangeman.

To guard that Faith, which, like the sun,  
Is not of this world's light;  
To guard that Constitution won  
At Boyne's immortal fight;  
To purify from Popery's sink,  
To check rebellion's clan;  
All these are reasons, fair, I think,  
Why I'm an Orangeman.

To meet such hearts as here unite,  
While joyous minutes pass,  
And hail the hour whose festal light,  
Now sparkles in our glass ;  
To them to fill, and fill and drink,  
Tho' life were but a span,  
That is a reason, fair, I think,  
Why I'm an Orangeman.

---

3 Oh ! let us ne'er forget, men.

AIR—"John Anderson my Joe."

Oh ! let us ne'er forget, men, the struggles of the past,  
Or let disgraceful apathy your energies o'er cast ;  
Remember him who stood for truth, triumphant and  
alone—

The hero sent by Providence to guard Britannia's  
Throne.

Yes ; he was sent by Providence to work the will  
divine,

As Sampson from the womb was sent to smite the  
Philistine ;

As Gideon smote the Midianites, so William's might  
was shewn,

The hero sent by Providence to guard Britannia's  
Throne.

Yes ; he was preordained for this, and thus invincible,  
For death and all its thousand shafts around him  
pointless fell ;

He braved thro' sickness, raging seas, and fields with  
carnage strown—

The hero sent by Providence to guard Britannia's  
Throne.

And gallantly and piously his mission he achieved,  
And all the rights of Protestants he gloriously re-  
trieved;

His task been o'er, his soul took wing, and up to  
heaven flown,

The hero sent by Providence to guard Britannia's  
Throne.

Then let us ne'er forget, men, the struggles of the  
past,

When William and his gallant men struck tyranny  
aghast;

Are ye their sons?—if so, unite—be William's cause  
your own,

The hero sent by Providence to guard Britannia's  
Throne.

#### 4                      The Golden Orange Lilly. ✓

Air—"Nae lack about the house."

Of all the flowers whose various hues  
Bedeck the summer bower,

In morning sun and evening dew,

Give me the Orange flower;

Its golden chalice spreading wide,

When July's breezes fan,

It blooms the emblem and the pride

Of every Orangeman.

Then fill the cup

Of friendship up,

A flowing bumper fill ye,

Here's the flower of Great Nassau,

The Golden Orange Lilly!

The rose may tell the lover's vow,  
 But love is oft deceit;  
 The laurel decks the victor's brow,  
 His fame is oft a cheat.  
 But oh! our Lilly—flower of truth—  
 All other flowers above,  
 For purple man and Orange youth,  
 Its motto—Truth and Love!  
 Then fill the cup, &c.

---

5 Song of The Prince of Orange Lodge, 566.

AIR—"A famous man was Robin Hood."

A famous man was he who braved  
 In battle field each Popish plan,  
 And when her banner, freedom, waved,  
 The Prince of Orange led the van;  
 His dauntless courage France did own,  
 And Spain and Holland raised his fame;  
 And when her trumpet fame had blown,  
 "The Prince of Orange" was the theme.  
 For a famous man was he who braved  
 In battle field each Popish plan,  
 And when her banner, freedom, waved,  
 The Prince of Orange led the van.

And when he came to freedom's shore,  
 To England—Sovereign of the waves,  
 He heard amidst the cannons' roar,  
 That Britons never should be slaves.  
 But when he came to Erin's Isle,  
 The bold and true did round him join,  
 Who was it conquered Popish guile?  
 "The Prince of Orange" at the Boyne.  
 For a famous man, &c.

Come, brothers, let the social board,  
 Have one enthusiastic bowl;  
 Let's pass the toast with one accord,  
 'Twill warm the heart, and cheer the soul.  
 "The Prince of Orange Lodge" are we,  
 Be this our toast with loud encore,  
 Come, drink it, boys, with three times three—  
 "The Prince of Orange" evermore!  
 For a famous man, &c.

---

## 6 The spirit that dwells at Florence Court.

AIR—March in Norma.

Hark! 'tis the voice of a spirit of light,  
 A spirit whose halo illumines the whole Island,  
 March to the Protestant cause in your might,  
 From city, from valley, from highland;  
     Oh! thro' that spirit,  
     May our deeds merit,  
     Glory immortal,  
     At freedom's portal;  
 Led by the spirit that cause to support,  
 The spirit that dwells at Florence Court.

Brave Enniskillen marshall'd her youth,  
 When Popish James her towers surrounded,  
 Oh! then the spirit of Protestant truth—  
     The trumpet of liberty sounded;  
     Loud war notes thrilling,  
     Ardour instilling,  
     Bright weapons flashing,  
     Troops on troops dashing;  
 Led by that spirit which oft did exhort,  
 The spirit that dwells at Florence Court.

Raise then the banner of Orange and Blue,  
 At Aughrim, Boyne, Limerick, Derry victorious,  
 Shoulder to shoulder, good men and true,  
 Whose souls never slumbered inglorious.  
     Up for the Altar,  
     Hearts that ne'er falter,  
     Up for the Throne too,  
     Hearts that ne'er fear knew;  
 Led by the spirit to war-field and fort,  
 The spirit that dwells at Florence Court.

---

## 7                      The Throne and the Altar.

AIR—"The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Round our fair British isles leap the surge and the wave  
 To guard us kind heaven decreed them,  
 Controll'd by no power which nought can enslave,  
 Like the waves, we're the true sons of Freedom.  
 Here dark superstition cannot cast her stings,  
 Nor show forth her faggot or halter,  
 But the spirit of freedom sheds light from her wings,  
 Surrounding the Throne and the Altar.

For famed Magna Charta our nobles have bled—  
 The shackles of slavery tearing;  
 And in glory unfading they pass'd to the dead,  
 The temple of liberty rearing.  
 And there sits enthron'd Victoria our Queen,  
 No power on earth dare assault her;  
 For the wisdom of ages for ever has been  
 Surrounding the Throne and the Altar.

For our Protestant Faith to the axe were consigned  
 The martyrs, all virtuous and hoary,  
 And in blood their pure spirits to heaven resigned,  
 For the crowns which they now wear in glory.  
 Contempt on the sword that could slumber in rust—  
 Shame, shame on the heart that could falter;  
 Flash forth, if ye need must, ye swords of the just,  
 Surrounding the Throne and the Altar.

8

Hail to Great William.

AIR—"The Bay of Biscay."

Arise, and join in chorus, ✓  
 Ye sons of old True Blue,  
 Great William's spirit o'er us,  
 Protects the chosen few.  
 He broke the Papist's chain,  
 Nor let one link remain.

Matchless was he,  
 Who set us free,  
 Hail to Great William with three times three.

At Boyne's victorious water,  
 Ye sons of old True Blue,  
 Whose waves ran red with slaughter,  
 And balls like hailstones flew.  
 He beat the tyrant James,  
 And checked rebellion's flames.  
 Matchless was he, &c.

At Aughrim's plains, so famous,  
 Ye sons of old True Blue,  
 He beat the paltroon, *Shamus*,  
 And all his Papist crew;

He laid them in the dust,  
 For God was with the just.  
 Matchless was he, &c.

At Londonderry's towers,  
 Ye sons of old True Blue,  
 Besieged by fiendish powers,  
 No succour was in view;  
 But aid came up at last,  
 The boom was broke and past.  
 Matchless was he, &c.

Our Orange tree he planted,  
 Ye sons of old True Blue,  
 True hearts round it have panted,  
 For it rains heavenly dew;  
 For it our father's blood,  
 Was shed on field and flood.  
 Matchless was he, &c.

## 9 Come, Cheer, Brothers, up. ✓

Written on the Revival of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, in 1837.

AIR—"Come, Cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer."

Come, cheer, brothers, up, let your smile and your look  
 Show the glew of those hearts which could never be  
 shook;

For the clouds of oppression, the scorn of the base,  
 No longer shall taunt us, no longer disgrace.

### CHORUS.

The sons of King William are true Orangemen:  
 Always ready,  
 Watchful, steady,  
 To fight and to conquer again and again.



Some men, by that moonshine-expediency led,  
 Doom'd our fair Institution to lie with the dead;  
 But no; she but rested awhile in the shade,  
 And now issues forth in fresh armour arrayed.  
 The sons of King William, &c.

And that moment of rest brought its visions of bliss—  
 Bright gleams of past times, and sweet solace for this;  
 And the future thro' vistas of hope's fairy skies,  
 Shows the glory where Nassau's red star will arise.  
 The sons of King William, &c.

Hail! hail! to those hearts who, so proudly that day,  
 Stood up for our cause when 'twas doom'd to decay;  
 When the son shew'd he had the true blood of his sire,  
 And his spirit out-flashing in eloquent fire.

The sons of King William are true Orangemen:  
 Always ready,  
 Watchful, steady,  
 To fight and to conquer again and again.

---

## 10                      Raise the Song.

### ON KING WILLIAM'S BIRTH-DAY.

AIR—"Fill the bumper fair." (Irish melody—Bob and Joan)

Raise the song and say,  
 Proudly we remember  
 William's natal day—  
 The glorious Fourth November;  
 What so sweet as song,  
 What so true expresses,  
 Feelings hidden long  
 In the heart's recesses!

## CHORUS.

Raise the song and say,  
Proudly we remember  
William's natal day—  
The glorious Fourth November.

Say why are we met—  
Why this friendly greeting?  
Why our hearts are set  
On those moments fleeting?  
On this day was born  
William great, whose thunder,  
Saved us when forlorn,  
And dash'd our chains asunder!  
Then raise the song, &c.

When fame enrolled his name,  
Amidst her glowing pages,  
She wrote in words of flame  
A tale for future ages;  
She traced his bright career—  
Unclouded and Victorious;  
A star along whose sphere,  
Was shed a lustre glorious.  
Then raise the song, &c.

The powers of perjured James,  
Our lives, our homes, our altar,  
Had doomed to war and flames,  
But Heaven made them falter.  
Great William's arm dash'd  
Aside their base endeavour;  
At Boyne his lightning flash'd,  
And laid them low for ever.  
Then raise the song, &c.

## 11 Orangemen up!

Written at the time of the bubble of 1848.

AIR—"Croppies lie down."

Orangemen up! put Republicans down,  
They are raising their heads against Royalty's crown,  
They are at the old *game*, but they'll be in the dumps,  
For the rebels shall find we have got all the *trumps*.  
Down, down, rebels lie down.

Republican France—infidel and profane—  
Gave a cup, that to Royalty was *not sham-pain*;  
If rebels imagine it here must be quaffed,  
For them we've a bumper of *grape-shot* on draft.  
Down, down, &c.

The French seem so friendly—how quiet their note,  
But they'd soon be a blood-thirsty fierce *sans culotte*;  
And we, too have knaves, for the tri-colored flag,  
But their "*Erin-go-bragh*" may be *Erm go brag*.  
Down, down, &c.

The physical force of their bogs and their dykes!  
I care not a *thrawneen* for five hundred pikes;  
"The Saxon," they cry out, "we'll beat in a thrice,"  
But you know noisy cats very seldom catch mice.  
Down, down, &c.

Let the rebel but bring '98 to his view,  
Let the Frenchman but think how we won Waterloo;  
And then they'll admit tho' their forces were treble,  
That we care not a fig for pike, Frenchman, or rebel.  
Down, down, &c.

For old England's throne, for the laws, for our faith,  
We'll stand in the breach, we will fight to the death,  
And show to the champions of France, and repeal,  
It is hard of digestion—an Orangeman's steel.  
Down, down, &c.

Fill the glass, let it pass, grasp the hand that is true,  
Let this be your toast—all ye Orange and Blue—  
“May victory beam on the Williamite shield;”  
And our war cry be this, should we rush to the field,  
Down, down, &c.

---

12      Song of the Oldbridge Lodge, 597.

AIR—“The Days we went a gypsying.”

King William and his merry men came up to Old-  
bridge town,  
And made the glorious First July a day of great re-  
nown;  
Beside the Boyne he pitched his tent, which made  
his men rejoice,  
Their kettle-drums and brazen trumpets answering  
to his voice;  
O'er every heart his spirit shed an animating glow,  
The day they fought at Oldbridge town a long while  
ago.

Then up arose a mighty host, led on by old King  
James,  
A glittering field of gleaming steel they brought to  
aid their schemes;  
The Irish serfs, with Sarsfield bold, who led a host  
uncouth,  
And Frenchmen full of chivalry, led on by brave  
Saint Ruth;  
But, oh! they wanted that within which sanctifies a  
blow,  
The day they fought in Oldbridge town a long time  
ago.

Then, then they met contending foes—a fierce tumultuous throng,  
 The cannons roar'd, sword flash'd to sword, and man drove man along;  
 Like ocean waves when tempest-toss'd, and storms their fury wage—  
 The tide of battle swept along impetuous in its rage.  
 But victory bless'd the Protestants to crush the Papist foe,  
 The day they fought at Oldbridge town a long time ago.

Then, come, ye sons of Oldbridge Lodge, a bumper fill to tell,  
 How much ye prize the memory of men who fought so well;  
 Who fought and bled, and nobly died, their fatherland to save  
 From hood'd monk, from subtle priest, from sycophantic slave;  
 And to the glorious First July another glass shall flow,  
 The day they fought at Oldbridge town a long time ago!

13

### Come join in Festive Song.

AIR—"While the Southern Breezes play."

Come join in festive song,  
 Come fill the goblet higher;  
 Great William's fame  
 This night proclaim  
 In peals of Orange fire!

His glorious memory  
 Shall have a glorious bowl;  
     The ruby cup  
     Shall sparkle up,  
 The merry chorus roll.

## CHORUS.

Come join in festive song,  
 Come fill the goblet higher;  
     Great William's name  
     This night proclaim  
 In peals of Orange fire!

'Tis beautiful to see  
 Our Orange sashes shine,  
     With purple hue,  
     With old *true blue*,  
 Upon our bosoms join;  
 Encircled round the board,  
 What beauty they impart,  
     And William's face,  
     Bright medals trace,  
 Which cling unto the heart.

Come join, &amp;c.

Oh! such a night as this,  
 Gives joy unto the soul,  
     When Orangemen  
     Know where and when  
 To speak without control.  
 Come, brother, give your hand,  
 Here's glory to your hue,  
     The hand and grip,  
     The heart and lip,  
 Which ever will be true.

Come join, &amp;c.

## 14      The Protestant Queens of England.

AIR—"God save the Queen."

Britannia was ever found,  
With greatest glory crown'd,  
    When Queens did reign;  
Proudly does history tell,  
How hostile nations fell,  
Hailing our Royal belle,  
    Queen of the Main.

Fame, with her trumpet breath,  
Tells how ELIZABETH  
    Vanquished proud Spain;  
When the Armadas boast,  
Bore down upon our coast,  
Her lightning dash'd their host,  
    Queen of the Main.

MARY—King William's bride,  
Mary—King William's pride;  
    In her was seen  
Wisdom to guard *his* right,  
Virtue unstained and bright;  
Love did their hearts unite,  
    Queen of the Main.

Glorious on history's page,  
Shines ANNE'S augustine age,  
    Mark Blenheims plain;  
France, there was forced to yield,  
Crouching to Anne's bright shield,  
Queen of the well-fought field,  
    Queen of the Main.

Stars of undying light,  
 Stars of the victor fight,  
     Bright and serene;  
 Stars of the mighty dead,  
 Oh! may your influence shed,  
 Light on Victoria's head,  
     God save the Queen.

---

15      **The Orange and Purple for ever.**

**SONG FOR AN ANNIVERSARY DINNER.**

**AIR—"A bumper of Burgundy."**

If ever our hearts felt the social delight,  
     Which brotherly ties shed around,  
 Oh! may it more warmly cheer us to night,  
     Be love with festivity crowned;  
     While each heart and each cup,  
     Is with pleasure filled up,  
 Be mirth each kind brother's endeavour,  
     And o'er the gay glass,  
     Let this sentiment pass,  
 Here's the Orange and Purple for ever!

Here social we sit at our annual feast,  
     Great William's the sun of our centre,  
 And the circle we form by loyalty's traced,  
     Into it no Papist dare enter;  
     And such sparkles of wit,  
     In the brain shall be lit,  
 To night that for day we'll need never;  
     Then o'er the gay glass, &c.

C



Oh! sweet to enjoy such an hour as this,  
 As the spring in the desert refreshing;  
 And the Orangeman tells forth how heart felt his bliss,  
 With one, two, three, four, in succession;  
 And firm as a rock,  
 We're proof to each shock,  
 Though disloyalty's waves try to sever;  
 Then o'er the gay glass, &c.

---

16 To William's Name sound trumpet praise.

AIR—"Rule Britannia."

To William's name sound trumpet praise,  
 Who check'd dark Popery's vulture wing,  
 To him your tuneful voices raise,  
 And thus your Orange anthem sing—  
 "Hail! glorious, pious, immortal memory  
 Of Great King William, who set us free."

The nation lay in gloom and woes,  
 For Popery shed its with'ring blight,  
 Till Nassau's star for us arose,  
 And gave the land to Freedom's light.  
 Hail! glorious, &c.

Ye valiant sons of martial sires,  
 Who fought when rebel foes did join,  
 Sing! while their deeds your bosom fires,  
 Glory to him who won the Boyne!  
 Hail! glorious, &c.

His lofty mind with wisdom stor'd,  
 Illum'd the councils of the just;  
 His chivalry, his flashing sword,  
 Dash'd down the Papist to the dust.  
 Hail! glorious, &c.

## 17 Through Erin's Isle when Popish guile.

AIR—"Alley Croker."

Through Erin's Isle,  
When Popish guile  
Went hand in hand with treason;  
And perjured James—  
With sword and flames,  
Life, liberty, did seize on.  
Then William, brave,  
Our rights to save,  
Came o'er with might and power;  
And love's express'd,  
When on our breast,  
We wear his golden flower.

Oh, the Lilly!  
The glorious Orange Lilly;  
Flower that blends  
Ten thousand friends,  
The glorious Orange Lilly!

The shamrock green  
In March is seen,  
Its leaves with dew-drops kiss'd all;  
It sparkle's bright,  
In morning's light,  
Like emeralds set in crystal.  
But, oh, its leaves  
Are soil'd by knaves,  
The demagogue and prater;  
It decks the hat  
Of Democrat,  
Of bigot, and of traitor.

But the Lilly!  
 The true, the Orange Lilly!  
 Blooms alone,  
 For Altar, Throne,  
 The golden Orange Lilly!

And, oh, for us,  
 Not falsely thus,  
 The flower of Nassau shineth;  
 Its golden hue,  
 Like gold, is true,  
 Its sons no test declineth;  
 With heart and hand,  
 Like rocks to stand  
 Against each base offender;  
 Three magic words,  
 Breathe on our swords—  
 "William—No Surrender!"

Oh, the Lilly!  
 The glorious Orange Lilly!  
 William's fame  
 Asserts our claim  
 To wear the Orange Lilly!

## 18      The Banner of Orange and Blue.

AIR—"Behold the Britannia."

Behold our bright banner of Orange and Blue,  
 The flag of the brave and the free,  
 In the wild rage of conflict no foe could subdue  
 The standard of loyalty.

Like the wings of an angel of light,  
 Unsullied it waves free and bright,  
 And where danger and death the warrior imperill'd,  
 The banner of Orange and Blue was unfurl'd.

See her star-spangl'd banner, Columbia advance  
 But the slave-whip has sullied its pride ;  
 And the tri-colour'd flag of Republican France,  
 With the blood of its victims was dyed.

But Britannia—the Queen of the sea,  
 Her flag is the flag of the free ;  
 And when her fierce light'nings on tyrants were hurl'd,  
 The banner of Orange and Blue was unfurl'd.

The red sword of battle no more now doth wave,  
 And long may it sleep in its sheath !  
 As a trophy it hangs in the halls of the brave,  
 Adorn'd with victory's wreath.

But should it again in its might,  
 Flash forth in the cause of the right,  
 Oh ! then will be seen to the gaze of the world,  
 The banner of Orange and True Blue unfurl'd.

## 19 Nine Cheers for the Orangeman's Love.

AIR—"Nine cheers for the girls that we love."

Fill, fill the wine cup to beauty and youth,  
 'Tis a toast worth ambrosial dew,  
 And drink to the daughter of Protestant truth,  
 The maid of the Orange and Blue ;  
 A wreath her fair brow doth encircle,  
 And gracefully there are combined,  
 Love's roses with beauty's soft myrtle,  
 And bright Orange Lillies entwin'd.

Then the toast, then the toast, be dear woman,  
 Let the breasts of the True Blues approve,  
 Then the toast, then the toast, be dear woman,  
 And nine cheers for the Orangeman's Love.  
 Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurra,  
 Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurra,  
 And nine cheers for the Orangeman's Love.

In her smile there is hope, in her step there is life,  
 In her laugh there is young joy and mirth;  
 In her heart is true love, and her sweet lip is rife  
 With the richest of joys upon earth.  
 And should danger assail her brave lover,  
 She'd watch him through fire and through flood,  
 And stand, altho' death round should hover,  
 As the women of Derry once stood.

Then the toast, &c.

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## 20 Song of the Royal Adelaide Lodge, 1879.

AIR—"The flag that braved a thousand years."

In despot lands the golden throne,  
 And bigot altars shine;  
 But England's radiant crown alone  
 Is placed on Freedom's shrine.  
 And in that glorious diadem,  
 A jewel is inlaid,  
 And none more prized that precious gem,  
 Than Royal Adelaide.

That gem is Orange principle,  
 By Adelaide confess'd;  
 And truth could ne'er more purely dwell,  
 Than shrined in woman's breast.  
 Then round the fair with hearts combine,  
 If rebels dare invade,  
 Ye sons of Sixteen-sevety-nine,  
 The Royal Adelaide.

21

**The Gates of Londonderry.****AIR—“The Death of Nelson.”****RECITATIVE.**

On Derry's walls once stood a gallant few,  
 Whom famine, war, disease, could not subdue;  
 Long raged the seige, and as each bold defender,  
 Gave up the ghost, he sighed forth “No Surrender.”

’Twas when the wintry blast  
 Its chilly horrors cast,  
 In gloomy dark December;  
 Then came with vaunting boast,  
 King James and all his host,  
 Crying “Derry! now Surrender”!  
 But vain were all their Popish arts,  
 The gates were shut by gallant hearts,  
 Who shouted “We dont fear ye.”

**CHORUS.**

Then hail to them who linked their fates,  
 The ‘Prentice boys who shut the gates—  
 The gates of Londonderry!

Now lightnings flash around,  
 And quick the balls rebound  
 Above the embattl’d wall;  
 Red war, with fiery breath,  
 Cast pestilence and death,  
 And gallant men did fall.  
 But vain was all their cannons’ flash,  
 For Popish James could never dash  
 These hearts with high hopes cheery.  
 Then hail to them, &c.

Though famine's wolfish tooth  
 Prey'd on both age and youth;  
 Though spectre-like they walk'd,  
 Serene they look'd the while;  
 Though ghastly was the smile,  
 Which James's fury mock'd;  
 Though war and hunger fill'd the grave,  
 Their hopes were still that God would save—  
 Those hearts now sad and dreary.  
 Then hail to them, &c.

At length when death had spread  
 His black wings o'er their head,  
 With war, and want, and toil;  
 Now hope their minds employ,  
 The gallant ship Mountjoy,  
 Comes bounding up the Foyle,  
 With swelling sail and towering mast;  
 The boom is broke, the dangers past,  
 And now brave hearts are merry.  
 Then hail to them, &c.

*As sung at 1708 ✓*

22 Song of the ~~Queen's Own Lodge, 1808.~~

AIR—"Blue bonnets over the border."

Rise, rise, ~~the Queen's Own~~, arise!

Rise for the cause that is famous in story,  
 And when the banner of battle flies,  
 Stand up, "The Queen's Own," for Protestant glory;  
 Mountain and shady glen,  
 Oft has seen Orangemen  
 Stand for the Truth, the Throne, and the Altar;  
 And if to war again,  
 Trumpets shall sound, oh! then  
 "The Queen's Own" will rush on the rebel assaulter.

<sup>1784</sup>  
 Rise, rise, Eighteen-nought-eight, arise,  
 Rise for the Cause that is famous in story;  
 And when the banner of battle flies,  
 Stand up "Queen's Own" for Protestant glory

Mark how history <sup>has seen them</sup> has the name  
 Of Queens of Old England for ever victorious;  
 Great Elizabeth—monarch of mighty fame;  
 Anne, with her Marlborough, martial and glorious  
 And Mary with William true—  
 Queen of the Orange hue,  
 Firm to the Cause against Popish endeavour;  
 Oft did the Papists rue,  
 When the quick bullets flew,  
 Which at Boyne's water laid them low for ever!  
 Rise, rise, &c.

Come, then, fill up a bumper high,  
 Fill to the Queen Victoria, victorious,  
 Here's to her glory, in triumph and chivalry,  
 Give it out zealous, and give it sonorous!  
 Oh! may Victoria's reign  
 Be free from Popish stain,  
 Free from *expediency's* base innovation;  
 Queen of the boundless main,  
 Foe to the bigot's chain,  
 Queen of a loyal and Protestant nation.  
 Rise, rise, &c.

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23            I really must give my protest.

AIR—"I never says nothing to nobody."

I really must give my protest  
 Against toasting, huzzas, songs, chorusses;  
 Double X, punch, laughter and jest,  
 Such things must bring discredit over us.



But give me the new moral few,  
 Who never attempt to get *so and so*,  
 Despising the convivial crew,  
 So a teetotal *more* must be all the go.

When *all closed*, for fear of a cough,  
 I'm bid to go home and not do ill, sir;  
 So I put on my hat and walk off,  
 And go home to my wife and drink gruel, sir.  
 So frigid my manner, my face—  
 She says I'm an iceberg from head to toe,  
 And for that night I'm quite in disgrace,  
 And a teetotal *move* is not then the go.

But some have a sneaking regard [cheer,  
 For the sweet nights they've echo'd each other's  
 And think it is really too hard, [dear.  
 That young men must walk home to their mothers  
 Oh! sweet 'tis the evening to crown,  
 With full hearts, and full bumpers all aglow;  
 But indeed these things must be put down,  
 For a teetotal *move* must be all the go.

Yet often when *business is closed*,  
 I'm forced to go off on the sly, of course,  
 To a tavern, where oft I'm opposed,  
 And with Papists I mix, by the bye, of course.  
 Perhaps a rash word may be said,  
 Which provokes from the Papist a heavy blow;  
 I've no brother to stand to my aid,  
 Yet a teetotal *move* must be all the go.

Extremes are all bad, 'tis confess'd—  
 Teetotals are chalk'd heavy on that score;  
 And a middle course surely is best,  
 To take a kind glass, or one bumper more.

But I must hide the devil in the dark,  
*Leave my own*, and drink deep in a place I know  
 Far away from the sons of the "Mark,"  
 As a teetotal *move* must be all the go.

---

24

## A Royal Salute.

AIR—"A Pilgrim blight and jolly."

Give me but a friend and a glass, boys,  
 And I'll tell you what 'tis to be gay ;  
 I really must think him an ass, boys,  
 Who'd shrink from this table away.  
 Give me but an honest, gay fellow,  
 Who's pleasanter when he gets mellow,  
 With a royal salute and huzza, boys,  
 A royal salute and huzza !

When Popery's chains did bind us,  
 King William set us free ;  
 When monkery tricks would blind us,  
 The Protestant said, "I must see :"  
 To Pope, King James, and Pretender,  
 Our sires cried out, "No Surrender !"  
 With a royal salute, &c.

For the Crown, and the Cause, we have won, boys,  
 Achievements which none can surpass ;  
 For the Crown I will stand to my gun, boys,  
 To the Cause I now fill up my glass.  
 The Queen has my loyal subjection,  
 My brother's my heart's true affection,  
 With a royal salute, &c.

Then fill up your sparkling glasses,  
*But let us be temperate too,*  
And pity those teetotal asses,  
Whom all social joys would subdue.  
And this be our toast ere we sever—  
May the Orange Cause flourish for ever!  
With a royal salute, &c.

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25      While round the Festive Cup.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

While round the festive cup, boys,  
We scatter friendship's flowers,  
I fill a bumper up, boys,  
And hail these smiling hours;  
Sweet is the spell we've here, boys,  
And bright its golden chain,  
And that I think's a reason fair,  
To take my glass again.

And when our charter toast, boys—  
"The glorious memory,"  
The watchword of our host, boys,  
The motto of the free;  
When given from the chair, boys,  
In loud exulting strain,  
I think that is a reason fair,  
To take my glass again.

And when you give with "fire," boys—  
The fame which Derry won;  
When fought the bleeding sire, boys,  
When fought the famish'd son.

The men whom death could dare, boys,  
Their freedom to obtain,  
I think that is a reason fair,  
To take my glass again.

But when you toast the strife, boys,  
Of Aughrim's battle field,  
Where life was bought with life, boys,  
Before brave men would yield.  
That victory so rare, boys,  
Fought on old Aughrim's plain,  
Gives me, I think, a reason fair,  
To take my glass again.

And when you give the "Boyne," boys—  
The crowning fight of all ;  
Where royal foes did join, boys,  
To conquer, or to fall.  
His flag Nassau did revere, boys,  
And fame did him sustain,  
And that I think's a reason fair,  
To take my glass again.

The sweetest hour I pass, boys,  
I brightly pass with you ;  
My heart is like my glass, boys,  
'Tis full, and warm, and true.  
Now here's my toast sincere, boys—  
"Success to Orangemen ;"  
And that I think's a reason fair,  
To take my glass again.

## 26                      She breathed a Song.

Written on hearing a lady sing "Oft in the Stilly Night," and some of the author's Orange Songs.

AIR—"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."

She breath'd a song, 'twas pensive, bland,

'Twas Moore's impassion'd tone;

"The poet of all circles, and

The idol of his own!"

Then scenes long pass'd, o'er memory swept,

When young hearts did rejoice,

And thoughts which long in silence slept,

Awoke to that sweet voice.

Again, again, she breath'd the song,

Achievements to rehearse,

And as her fingers swept along,

Gave spirit to the verse.

Oh proudly then did true hearts feel,

When woman's voice did join,

And blend her softness with their zeal,

To sing of glorious Boyne!

'Tis sweet to place on victory's brow

The wreath by beauty wove;

'Tis sweet at eve the whisper'd vow,

Breath'd soft by woman's love.

And sweet, oh sweet, the dear reward,

Dear until life grows dim,

When beauty crowns the simple bard,

And sings his Orange hymn!

## 27      Song of the Cumberland True Blue Lodge, 1738.

AIR—"The Glasses sparkle."

Behold within the rainbow bright,

Our colors plain to view,

An arch of variegated light

Traced upon heavenly blue;

In golden Orange 'tis arrayed—  
King William's glorious hue;  
And purple light,  
Its tints unite,  
It is the old "True Blue."

Green is the earth, we o'er it march,  
And tread it under foot;  
Blue is the sky, the azure arch,  
Where stars their lustre shoot.  
Some stars are sapphire, some are red,  
Some gold, some silver too,  
But brighter far  
The purple star,  
It is the old "True Blue."

When to the Boyne great William led  
The Papists to subdue;  
His British Grenadiers were red,  
His Dutch Guards they were blue.  
And red and blue if thus you blend,  
They make a purple hue,  
No foe can dash  
The purple sash—  
It is the old "True Blue."

Ye "Cumberland True Blues," our theme  
Must in a bumper pass,  
And o'er our cup breathe William's name,  
Do honor to the glass.  
Our name is typed in heaven's own light,  
Where stars their lustre strew;  
Be this our toast,  
Our pride, our boast—  
"The Cumberland True Blue."

## 28                    Ye Orangemen of Ireland.

AIR—"Ye Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease."

Ye Orangemen of Ireland,  
Who guard our ancient rights,  
Whose fathers bore Old England's flag  
Amidst a thousand fights;  
Uphold the glorious name they've left,  
These chiefs and veterans hoar,  
And be true  
To the hue

Which your Orange fathers wore,  
When they hailed the trumpets' brazen blast,  
And thundering cannons' roar!

There is no need their deeds to tell,  
To ask the poet's theme,  
For history's immortal page  
Has chronicled their fame.  
And yet 'tis sweet in lyric verse,  
To tell it o'er and o'er,  
While the muse  
Shall infuse

A fire through every pore,  
Like to the trumpets' brazen blast,  
And thundering cannons' roar!

It was in sixteen-eighty-eight,  
For violated laws;  
For trampled rights, for holy faith,  
For outraged freedom's cause.  
Uprose the Protestants to arms,  
And called from Holland's shore,  
That great chief,  
Whose relief,  
Our Papal bondage tore,  
When blew the trumpets' brazen blast,  
And thundering cannons roar.

Then coward James fled off to France—  
But mischief did not lag;  
For soon in Ireland he thought  
To plant his perjured flag.  
He came, he came with marshal chiefs,  
And men in thousands more;  
And his brand,  
O'er the land  
Did desolation pour;  
Then blew the trumpets' brazen blast,  
And thundering cannons roar!

Oh! then the spirit of our sires,  
At Hillsborough did unite;  
The valiant Enniskilleners  
Rushed eager to the fight.  
At Aughrim, Limerick, Cork, Athlone,  
Their battle-shout did soar,  
And the fire  
Of their ire,  
Its lightning flash did pour;  
When blew the trumpets' brazen blast,  
And thundering guns did roar!

At Derry's walls its martyrs braved  
Pale famine and red slaughter;  
And Orangemen fought, bled, and won  
At Boyne's ensanguined water.  
And thus from castle, tower, and town,  
From valley, hill, and shore,  
The true  
Sons of blue  
Drove the Papist foe before;  
When blew the trumpets' brazen blast,  
And thundering cannons roar!



Come let us join heart, hand, and voice,  
 Fill to the goblet's brim;  
 And as our sires crushed tyranny,  
 Let us sing Freedom's hymn.  
 Oh Liberty! whose holy torch  
 Was lit at shrines of yore;  
     In thy light  
     We'll unite  
 Round the Altar we adore,  
 When we hear the trumpets' brazen blast,  
 And thundering cannons' roar!

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29      **A Maiden had three lovers.**

AIR—"Lucy Long."

A maiden had three lovers—  
 Enthusiastic beaus;  
 When three their mind discovers,  
 'Tis rather hard to chose.  
 Her brow with beauty glowing,  
 A wreath of roses grac'd,  
 An Orange sash was flowing,  
 Around her charming waist.

Her eyes, depend upon it,  
 So black, bewitching, bright,  
 Would fascinate Mahomet,  
 To worship at their light.

To one, who was a Papist,  
 She turn'd up her nose;  
 She held his love the cheapest  
 Of any of her beaus.

She said "'twere deep transgression  
To haunt corruption's glens;  
You'd bring me to confession,  
And filthy Peter Dens."

Oh! what a charming girl,  
In what a pouting fit,  
Her pretty lip did curl,  
And scorn the Jesuit.

Her second sighing lover—  
A Protestant—did sue;  
In him she did discover  
Some sparks of what was true;  
But said—"for Whig, for Tory,  
And for Repeal you've been;  
So changeable your story,  
I fear your judgment's *green*."

Though maidens oft change color,  
From pale to rosy hue,  
They hate a changing lover,  
Now yellow, green, or blue.

But, oh! her favor'd suitor  
In Orange sash arrayed,  
With grace he did salute her,  
And soft the words he said.  
She found him no pretender,  
She read his brow, and there  
Was written "No Surrender;"  
That motto won the fair!

Come fill, for beauty pleading—  
My wit now tries a flash;  
Here's to the charming maiden,  
Who loves the Orange sash!

## 30      Song of the Williamite Lodge. 1234.

AIR—"Here's a health to them that's awa'."

Here's to him who led on for the Cause,  
 The Cause of Protestant right;  
 Whose name is written on history's page,  
 All glorious, unfading, and bright.  
 "William—Immortal," whose name  
 Shall live while the Sun shews his light;  
 And he who would stand up for King William's fame,  
 Is called after him—"Williamite."

Hurra for the Williamites true,  
 Hurra for the Williamites true,  
 Who boldly unfurled,  
 Abroad to the world,  
 The banner of Orange and Blue.

Here's to them who fought for the Cause—  
 The Cause of Altar and Home,  
 Who conquered at Derry, at Aughrim, and Boyne,  
 The priest-ridden bigots of Rome;  
 And shoulder to shoulder they stood,  
 And true hearts did boldly unite,  
 And the soul in its zeal thro' fire and thro' flood,  
 Flashed forth as a true "Williamite."

Hurra, &c.

Here's to us who stand for the Cause—  
 The Cause of Victoria's Throne;  
 And the loyal fidelity shewn in our sires,  
 In us their descendants is shewn.  
 And if a true heart to the Cause,  
 Should greet us by day or by night,  
 His hand we will grasp, and sing his applause,  
 And call him a true "Williamite."

Hurra, &c.

31

## The Zodiac.

AIR—"Burns' Farewell."

Lo! where the azure arch expands,  
Where sol the gates of light unbars,  
Astronomy's high temple stands,  
Amidst the ever glowing stars;  
And he who would approach the shrine,  
Must know each planet, trace its track;  
He must know each celestial *sign*—  
He must know all the *Zodiac*.

And at the porch stands sentinel,  
A prudent sage in thoughtful mood,  
Who *tiles* the door, and will repel  
The *vulgar* fool who would intrude.  
For some have studied falling stars,  
And meteors lost in vapours black;  
Oh, they are false astronomers,  
They never knew the *Zodiac*.

A youth approached, and entrance sought,  
The sage bid him the stars define;  
But he, the science neer was taught,  
He knew no name, or *word*, or *sign*.  
"Away, thou false one," cried the sage,  
"Thou'rt one of that ignobled pack,  
Who never read the mystic page,  
Who never knew the *Zodiac*."

Another youth knock'd at the gate,  
Who took his lessons from the wise;  
He knew why lesser stars await  
On greater glories of the skies.  
"Come in, come in," the guardian cries,  
"True men like you should not stand back;  
Thou'lt ne'er *betray* the mysteries,  
You love too well the *Zodiac*."

I'll give a toast, and I prefer  
 My native glass to foreign wine ;  
 "Here's to the true astronomer  
 Who knows the *system* and the *sign* ;  
 Whom I have tried, and found him just,  
 Who'd sooner suffer on the rack,  
 Ere he'd betray his *mystic trust*,  
 The man who knows the *Zodiac*!"

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### 32                      The Orange Rosette.

AIR—"My own Blue Bell."

My beautiful maid who all others eclipse,  
 Said "yes," when I asked her to grace our soiree ;  
 Oh dearer to me that sweet word from her lips,  
 Than the first summer-rose is unto the young bee.  
 And I told her "true spirits beyond all compare,  
 For love and for loyalty there would be met ;"  
 And she whisper'd bewitching, my beautiful fair,  
 'You must wear on that evening an Orange Rosette.'

Her own gentle fingers the ornament made,  
 Where Orange and Purple their tints did impart ;  
 And I whisper'd, as with it my breast she array'd,  
 "You've given a Rosette, but you've stolen a heart."  
 Her reply was a glance, and an innocent smile,  
 Oh ! it was not the smile of a laughing coquette,  
 And I gazed on her beautiful lips all the while  
 That she pinn'd on my bosom the Orange Rosette.

Away then we flew to the festival hall,  
 Decorated with banners, and lustres, and flowers,  
 And bright eyes, and wine cups, and wit flashing, all  
 Shed light on the wings of the gay laughing hours ;

And the Orangeman's song, and the rapturous dance  
Of beauty and youth I shall never forget;  
But, oh, above all, was the smile and the glance  
Of my beautiful maid of the Orange Rosette.

---

33

**Britannia's Wreath.**

AIR—"When Vulcan forged."

Britannia's high imperial brow!  
What glories round her shine,  
More bright than all the diamond glow  
Of rich Golconda's mine;  
But so much light to soften down,  
The goddess Flora wove a crown  
Of flowers for England's majesty—  
Britannia! Sovereign of the Sea!

The goddess wove the chaplet fair  
Of many a blooming flower;  
These gems of spring whose parents were  
The sunbeam and the shower.  
And there she blended all with smiles—  
The emblems of the British Isles,  
And types of England's chivalry,  
Britannia! Sovereign of the Sea!

With laurel leaf the crown she weaves,  
Of Waterloo bespoke;  
And Trafalgar gave oaken leaves—  
The leaf of British oak.  
And there was England's blushing rose,  
And Scotia's thistle, arm'd for foes;  
And Erin's shamrock twined for thee,  
Britannia! Sovereign of the Sea!

Then Loyalty with wings of light,  
 One flowret fair would join;  
 It was the Orange Lilly bright—  
 The Lilly of the Boyne.  
 Britannia saw its golden hue,  
 And hail'd the flower of old True Blue—  
 The emblem of true loyalty,  
 Britannia! Sovereign of the Sea!

Long may she wear the golden crown,  
 Encircled with that wreath;  
 May glory shed her lustre down,  
 May faith its incense breathe.  
 Come, Brother Orangemen, stand up,  
 And fill the sparkling festive cup,  
 And give this toast with three times three—  
 "Britannia! Sovereign of the Sea!"

---

### 34 Song of the "No Surrender" Lodge, 1708.

AIR—"Harry Bluff."

When our sires all ardent pour'd on to the field,  
 With banner, and plumage, and falchion, and shield,  
 With the patriot's zeal, the warrior's deep vow,  
 And the blood of the heart rushing up to the brow;  
 And the Knights clad in steel, with their plumes  
 waving high,  
 Like the foam on the surge when the tempest is nigh;  
 To the trumpet's shrill blast, all regardless of life,  
 For glorious old England they rush'd to the strife,  
 Shouting out, shouting out "No Surrender!"

When Henry the Fifth led his Knights of the lance,  
 And swordsmen and archers to conquest in France;

When Marlborough in Flanders our standard unfurl'd,  
 And Blenheim his glory proclaimed to the world;  
 When Nelson, our sea-god, our bright ocean star,  
 Fought, dying triumphant at famed Trafalgar;  
 When Wellington conquered at Waterloo's field;  
 All, all bore this motto on banner and shield,  
     Shouting out, shouting out "No Surrender!"

But no where with more fire was that war cry e'er given  
 As at home, when our sires for freedom were driven  
 To the field where their arms with conquest was blest,  
 As Aughrim, and Limerick, and Boyne can attest;  
 And Derry, whose martyrs could smile at their fates,  
 Though want in their mansions, the foe at their gates;  
 'Midst the flash of the cannon, and whizzing of balls,  
 Placed their flag of defiance high up on their walls,  
     Shouting out, shouting out "No Surrender!"

Ye sons of King William, our glorious defender,  
 Ye sons of that old Orange lodge, "No Surrender,"  
 Fill a glass, fill a glass to that magical word,  
 Which unfurled the banner, unsheathed the sword;  
 Like armour impervious, like seven-fold shield,  
 It clothed the warrior on rampart and field;  
 Let it be the war-cry of each Orange man,  
 When shoulder to shoulder you lead in the van,  
     Shouting out, shouting out "No Surrender!"

### 35 Ye Protestant Boys, ye Sons of Nassau.

AIR—"Protestant Boys."

Ye Protestant boys, ye sons of Nassau,  
 While thus ye partake festivity's joys,  
 Come, join in the chorus, and shout an hurra!  
 And sing in the praise of the Protestant boys.



The sword may sleep,  
But watch we'll keep,  
And baffle the tricks which the Papist employs ;  
United for ever,  
No power can sever  
The links which connect the Protestant boys.

In the Pulpit they stood, and faith gave them strength,  
And truth they upheld with eloquent fire ;  
From Luther, who pull'd down Pope Leo the Tenth,  
To Gregg, who defeated Father Maguire.

Like gold that shines  
In deep, dark mines,  
So truth appears brighter when freed from alloys,  
United for ever,  
No power can sever  
The links which connect the Protestant boys.

Like clusters of stars in the firmament set,  
In the senate they've stood with wisdom and zeal ;  
And the fire that beamed round Eldon and Pitt,  
Enniskillen inflames for the Protestant weal.

Around the throne;  
Like truth they've shone,  
In circles of light which no error destroys ;  
United for ever,  
No power can sever  
The links which connect the Protestant boys.

Their flag they've unfurl'd as lords of the main,  
When Elizabeth sent brave Drake o'er the waves ;  
And Nelson, immortal, he taught France and Spain,  
That Protestant boys should ne'er be slaves.  
Along the deep  
Their lightnings sweep,

And hushed is the Papist, his vapour and noise;  
 United for ever,  
 No power can sever  
 The links which connect the Protestant boys.

Victorious they've stood on the red field of fight,  
 With Marlboro' and Wellington's conq'ring sword;  
 But the Champion of champions for freedom and right,  
 Was that Protestant boy, King William the Third;  
 At Aughrim's plains  
 He broke our chains;  
 At Boyne roared his cannon with loud *feu de joie*,  
 United for ever,  
 No power can sever  
 The links which connect the Protestant boys.

---

36

**Keep Rebellion down.**

AIR—"Cruiskeen Laun."

It is a pleasant thing  
 To hear a brother sing  
 Of glorious deeds of Orangemen's renown;  
 The song our bosom fires,  
 To emulate our sires,  
 Who fought to keep rebellion down, down, down,  
 Who fought to keep rebellion down.

Oh! valiant stood these men,  
 On mountain and in glen,  
 Through fire, flood, and famine's horrid frown;  
 The Holy Light of Truth  
 Led on both sage and youth,  
 Who fought to keep rebellion down, down, down,  
 Who fought to keep rebellion down.

For when the rebel band  
With blood-track stained the land,  
And would pollute the Altar and the Crown,  
Our sires did unite,  
Like a phalanx flashing light,  
And fought to keep rebellion down, down, down,  
And fought to keep rebellion down.

In Sixteen-eighty-eight,  
Impelled by bigot hate,  
Which all the force of conscience could not drown,  
King James broke faith and trust;  
But, oh! he roused the just  
To rise and keep rebellion down, down, down,  
To rise and keep rebellion down.

With superstition drunk  
Came Papist, Lord, and Monk,  
Their troops like locusts o'er the land were strown;  
But, oh! a flame was lit,  
Which blasted Jesuit,  
And dashed their foul rebellion down, down, down,  
And dashed their foul rebellion down.

Be witness Anghrim's field,  
Enniskillen's ample shield,  
And Derry's bold unconquerable town;  
And Limerick, and Athlone,  
All, all have proudly shewn  
The fire which kept rebellion down, down, down,  
The fire which kept rebellion down.

Then dreadful "Ninety eight,"  
Made fierce by Popish hate,

And infidel, republican, and clown ;  
     But the maxims of Tom Paine  
     Fled like mists across the main, [down,  
 From those who fought to keep rebellion down, down,  
 From those who fought to keep rebellion down.

Be witness Tara's hill,  
     Where blood ran like a rill ;  
 Be witness Enniscorthy's blazing town ;  
     And Ross's dread onslaught,  
     Where Orange Yeomen fought,  
 And bled to keep rebellion down, down, down,  
 And bled to keep rebellion down.

In "Eighteen-hundred-three,"  
     When Emmett's phantasie  
 Thought Dublin Castle would be all his own ;  
     But his visionary view  
     Was dispell'd like morning dew, [down,  
 From the light that rose to keep rebellion down, down,  
 From the light that rose to keep rebellion down.

Then shabby "Forty-eight"—  
     Young Ireland, and its prate,  
 Whose cowardice has Ballingarry shewn ;  
     O'Brien, Mitchell, Meagher,  
     A silly trio were, [down,  
 Against the men who kept rebellion down, down,  
 Against the men who kept rebellion down.

Yet they dared an Anghrim's day,  
     "Forty-nine," at Dollysbrae,  
 Upon our Orange banner for to frown ;  
     But they fled before the fires  
     Of the sons of Orange sires,

Who fought to keep rebellion down, down, down,  
 Who fought to keep rebellion down.

Fill the glass unto the brim,  
 On its wave my hopes shall swim,  
 The hopes I have for Altar and for Crown.  
 For freedom and for faith,  
 We'll stand unto the death,  
 And fight to keep rebellion down, down, down,  
 And fight to keep rebellion down.

---

37 Let the glass in bumpers pass.

AIR—"Fill the sparkling goblet high."

Let the glass in bumpers pass  
 Round the table's border;  
 Fill to him,  
 Unto the brim,  
 Who's of the Purple Order.

Stars in heaven, and cups on earth,  
 Lend to night their lustre;  
 Hail the hour, the hour of mirth,  
 And round the table cluster.

Let the song the joy prolong,  
 Laughing, jesting, merry;  
 Or the verse  
 May deeds rehearse  
 Of glorious Boyne or Derry.  
 Stars in heaven, &c.

Let the toast, our charters boast,  
 Speak our bold defiance;

William's name  
 Let us proclaim,  
 But, oh! *not in silence!*  
 Stars in heaven, &c.

Glass and song, and glorious toast  
 Aid our bold endeavour;  
 Shout from mountain unto coast—  
 "Orangemen for ever!"  
 Stars in heaven, &c.

---

38      When Adam from the earth arose.

AIR—"Oh, Pilot 'tis a fearful night

When Adam from the earth arose,  
 And burst its dark control,  
 And warmed with celestial fire,  
 "Became a living soul."  
 With golden harps did angels hymn  
 The heavenly decree—  
 "No clouds of error e'er shall aid  
 The mind—it shall be free!"

As ages swept like waves along  
 The ocean tide of time,  
 False creeds arose, and priestly craft,  
 And bigotry, and crime;  
 But none e'er used such artful means  
 As monkish Popery,  
 To bind in adamant chains,  
 The mind, which should be free.

But reason's lightnings rent in twain  
Proud superstition's dome;  
And Luther dashed into the dust,  
The triple-crown of Rome.  
The martyr's faith, the patriot's zeal,  
The hero's chivalry,  
Cried out through flashing fire and steel—  
“The mind—it shall be free!”

And never did in human heart  
Such aspiration pant,  
More bright and true than that which fired  
The Irish Protestant.  
Oh! glorious Derry, Aughrim, Boyne,  
There Orange victory  
Stood shouting over monkish cowl—  
“The mind—it shall be free!”

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JOHN WESLEY.

The Wesley Lodge, 703.

AIR—“The heart bowed down.”

There is a pure and holy light,  
A light of peace and love,  
Its beams are tinged with radiance bright,  
From glory's fount above;  
It guides the man through woe or weal—  
Life's changes to endure,  
It fills with hope, it fills with zeal,  
“The upright heart and pure.”

On life's dark sea, man's fragile bark,  
By passion's whirlwind driven,  
Were lost without some star to mark  
Its course to peace and heaven.  
But o'er the waste has many a star  
Its guiding lustre thrown;  
And bright amongst the brightest far,  
John Wesley's spirit shone.

To watch and kneel, to pray and praise,  
To supplicate for grace,  
To win the heart by soothing ways  
Into the paths of peace;  
To lend the soul a spirit's wing,  
And teach it thus to ask,  
"Oh! death, oh! death, where is thy sting!"  
Was Wesley's holy task.

To bless these Isles there did arise  
Two men of fame and worth:  
Wesley won freedom in the skies,  
William won it on earth.  
Oh! let us then through peace, through strife,  
With zeal and pious awe,  
Follow John Wesley's holy life,  
The valour of Nassau.

40

## The Pilgrim.

AIR—"The Ivy green."

A Pilgrim once on a journey went,  
The way mysterious and dark,  
No shelter of house, or tree, or tent,  
And no star the course to mark.



But toil was beguiled, by dreams of a child,  
Whispered soft in his ear,  
And a power and a spell around him fell—  
'Twas awful, but 'twas not fear:  
Darkly, shadowy, all around,  
The Pilgrim travelled the *mystic* ground.

And the whisper told, how in power and gold,  
He who once was a slave did move;  
How anger slept, and affection wept,  
In pure fraternal love!  
And the whisper told how a dying breath  
Sought out its last home—the tomb;  
And around him hung the signs of death,  
In silence and in gloom.  
Darkly, &c.

And the whisper again came to his ear—  
Mount Horeb was the theme;  
When, lo! o'er his dark path did appear  
The flash of a brilliant flame.  
And a fiery serpent crossed his path,  
And a limb was withered in pain;  
But it seemed the power subdued its wrath,  
For the limb was whole again.  
Darkly, &c.

And often he climbed the mountain height,  
In darkness and toil went he,  
'Till at length he saw a vision bright,  
Rise out of the dark blue sea.  
Then a whirlwind rose and dashed him about,  
Which filled his soul with dread;  
And the elements roared a thundering shout,  
As he lay like one that was dead.  
Darkly, &c.

But he quaff'd new life from a mystic cup,  
 Never made by human hand;  
 And invincible beings bore him up  
 In a chariot through the land.  
 Then a flood of light burst on his sight,  
 And symbols and signs he found,  
 Which none e'er knew, but a Pilgrim true,  
 Who travelled the mystic ground;  
 Brightly glowed the Israel lights,  
 Bright were the ranks of the mystic knights.

Let the festive glass glow full and bright,  
 And this the toast be given—  
 Here's to the chosen true Black knight,  
 Of three, five, seven, eleven!  
 Who drank of the cup when faint for breath,  
 Who rode the whirlwind's blast;  
 Who passed amid thunder, as if to death,  
 But who saw the glory at last.  
 Hail to Israel's golden lights,  
 Hail to the Orange true Black knights.

41 Song of the Hobah Black Preceptory, 55.

"HOBAB—SECRECY—FRIENDSHIP—FIDELITY"

AIR—"Isle of beauty."

When to gain our mystic order,  
 Through his perils toils the knight,  
 Guided by the faithful warder,  
 Goes the circle, climbs the height.  
 Then when light is shining round him,  
 And he stands the knights among,  
 From that hour a spell has bound him—  
 "Secrecy"—to guard the tongue.

When he joins our mystic union,  
And partakes our festal rites,  
Then he feels the heart's communion,  
Which encircles true Black Knights.  
O'er his soul is fondly stealing,  
At the social joyous board,  
One undying warm feeling—  
"Friendship" is that holy word.

What is that with truth unbroken  
Turns unto the heart oppressed?  
What is that which all unspoken  
Locks the *secret* in the breast?  
What is that which loves for ever  
Glorious Boyne, which set us free?  
Which no *law* can ever sever—  
It is true "Fidelity."

"Secret" first, and "Friendship" second,  
And "Fidelity" the third;  
In one little word are reckon'd—  
"Hobah" is that simple word.  
Lo! upon our broad black banner,  
Rich with types of holy fame,  
Pictured in a mystic manner—  
"Hobah!" we've inscribed our name.

Knights of Hobah—sable order!  
We have drank the mystic cup;  
Now around the table's border,  
Fill your sparkling glasses up.  
Like the hermit in his grotto,  
We have quaffed the crystal spring;  
Now the wine-cup hails our motto—  
Hail to "Hobah!" Hobah sing.

42

## The Orange Maid of Sligo.

AIR—"Lass o' Gowrie."

Ben Burben's wild and lofty height,  
 With evening's setting sun was bright,  
 That shed a flood of golden light,  
     Across the Bay of Sligo.

Above the town, spread out Lough Gill,  
 And Hazlewood, and Belvior's hill;  
 And Tubbernaughta's glistening rill,  
     Adorn'd the Lake of Sligo.

A bonnie bark with glancing oar,  
 And swelling sail was seen before  
 The waves to bound, that sought the shore,  
     Which graced the Lake of Sligo;  
 And at the prow there sat a girl,  
 With rosy lip and glossy curl;  
 With simple beauty, like a pearl,  
     The Orange Maid of Sligo.

As glancing o'er the vessel's side,  
 She saw upon the waters glide  
 An Orange Lilly's golden pride,  
     Float on the Lake of Sligo.

"Oh haste, oh haste, and save that flower,  
 I prize it more than rose or bower;  
 Though friends may sneer, though foes may lower,  
     Upon the Lake of Sligo."

An Orange Youth bent o'er the prow,  
 He caught the flower, and with a vow,  
 He placed on her placid brow—  
     The Orange Maid of Sligo.

He looked into her glowing eyes,  
 There read love's tender sympathies,  
 And breathed his soul in ardent sighs,  
     Unto the Maid of Sligo.

And soon she was his bonny bride;  
 And oft he thought with joy and pride,  
 Upon that summer evening's tide,  
     Upon the Lake of Sligo.  
 Come all True Blues, now fill the glass—  
 A brighter toast could never pass;  
 Come, here's unto the lovely lass—  
     The Orange Maid of Sligo.

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43      Song of the Schomberg Lodge, 1757.

AIR—"Rob Roy Mac Gregor, O."

Hail to Schomberg's martial name;  
                             Schomberg for ever, O!  
 Shall we cease to sing his fame,  
                             Oh never, never, O!  
 Flanders tells his history,  
 France beheld his chivalry—  
 Champion of the bold and free;  
                             Schomberg for ever, O!

On the battle-field, oh then,  
                             Schomberg for ever, O!  
 Fired the souls of ardent men  
                             To bold endeavour, O!  
 Wise was he, though not austere;  
 But when trumpets sounded clear,  
 Then he blazed in glory's sphere,  
                             Schomberg for ever, O!

On the verdant banks of Boyne,  
                             Schomberg for ever, O!  
 Fought where rebel bands did join,  
                             True men to sever, O!



Sons of the Royal Schomberg, ye  
 Who take that noble name,  
 Shew in the spirit of the free,  
 Ye honor Schomberg's fame.  
 Then fill the wine-cup sparkling bright,  
 Drink—nor one sweet drop leave—  
 Unto the name of freedom's knight—  
 Schomberg, the bold and brave!

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# 45      The Orange Emigrant's Lament.

AIR—"The pretty girl milking her cow."

"Colleen dhas chrutha na mho."

'Tis a sad thing to part thus for ever,  
 My brethren, my dear Orangemen;  
 'Tis a sad thing that thus we should sever—  
 Oh ne'er to commingle again.  
 Like the bird, when her young ones are taken;  
 Like the captive who sighs to be free;  
 Like the maid by her false one forsaken,  
 I pine at thus parting with ye.

They tell me I go to a nation,  
 Where I'll meet Orange brothers sincere,  
 Who glow with as strong a pulsation,  
 As beats in the hearts we have here.  
 But I'll tread not the fair land that bore me,  
 Where our sires for freedom did join;  
 Oh give me the land of their glory—  
 Londonderry, and Aghrim, and Boyne!

Though oceans of foam waft me thither;  
 Though year after year may depart;  
 Yet distance or time shall not wither  
 The feelings enshrined in my heart.

Though the soul of the exile be sinking,  
 Though memory madden the brain;  
 Yet day after day he'll be thinking  
 Of those he'll ne'er gaze on again.

But, oh, when at rest on my pillow,  
 And fancy is roving and free,  
 My spirit shall fly o'er the billow,  
 On the wings of a dream unto ye;  
 I shall see heart and cup o'erflowing  
 With pleasure, while some brother sings;  
 And my spirit shall fly back all glowing,  
 With the light of your smiles on her wings.

Oh! farewell my brothers for ever—  
 Ye Orange, and purple, and black;  
 Our path-way of life now must sever,  
 Yet hope may illumine the track.  
 Like the bird, when her young ones are taken;  
 Like the captive who sighs to be free;  
 Like the maid by her false one forsaken,  
 I pine at thus parting with ye!

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46      One night when sunk in slumber.

AIR—"I'd mourn the hopes that leave me."

One night when sunk in slumber,  
 When silence and midnight spread,  
 That spell which doth encumber  
 The senses, like one that's dead,  
 A vision, strange and darkling,  
 Came vivid through my ardent brain;  
 But, oh! its close, how sparkling!  
 For ever shall its light remain.



Methought I stood in darkness,  
A deep silence round about,  
All void, all blank, all markless—  
My soul filled with fear and doubt;  
When, lo! a gentle spirit  
Flew to my ear and whisper'd thus:  
"Come! and you shall inherit  
The light that's reserved for us."

Then with arrangements various,  
He robed me in curious dress;  
All silent, dark, mysterious,  
No word did his lips express.  
We pass'd into a portal,  
Where stood a guardian armed bright,  
Who spoke of man that's mortal,  
Who never had seen the light.

More strange became the vision,  
My bosom felt the point of death;  
With suffering, yet decision,  
I flew o'er deserts faint for breath.  
I *felt* the *hand* of trial,  
I lay as if amongst the dead;  
I found the fiery vial  
Of ordeal poured on my head.

Away, away, I hurried—  
The spirit bearing up my flight;  
In deserts now was buried—  
Now often leap'd a fearful height,  
Midst clash, and stamp, and thunder;  
At length I found a resting place,  
And said, with fear and wonder,  
"My prayer, my vow"—then all was peace.

Oh! glorious was my dream then—  
 Away, away, the darkness flew;  
 Around me light did beam then,  
 And dear friends—the chosen few.  
 Like starry architecture,  
 The types and lights were shown to me,  
 And then a pious lecture  
 Explained all their mystery.

Hail! hail! thou Purple Order,  
 That tests the true in heart and soul,  
 I'll praise it through earth's border,  
 From equator unto the pole.  
 Come, purple wine—no other  
 Should grace a purple meeting thus;  
 Be this our toast, dear brother—  
 “Here's all who *felt* and *feel* like us.”

#### 47 The Brother who stands by our side.

Sung at a dinner given to Brother David Stewart, late G. M. for  
 Dublin, 27th March, 1850.

AIR—“Thus, thus, when the wine-cup.”

Fill, fill, let the cup be o'erflowing,  
 And pledge to a heart that is true, boys, true;  
 Round the board there was never seen glowing  
 Such spirits of Orange and Blue.  
 As the vine does its tendrils entwine, boys,  
 Enrich'd with the grape in its purple pride;  
 So the true sons of William unite, boys,  
 When a true purple man's by their side.

And 'tis sweet to entwine friendship's flowers,  
Round the bright chain which binds him in brotherly vow,  
And to cull from her balmiest bowers  
A chaplet to place on his brow.  
As the well in the desert o'erflowing,  
As an island of rest in the ocean wide;  
Thus sweet is this hour bestowing,  
When a purple man stands by our side!

Then fill, fill; no shadow should darkle  
The light which surrounds us—the chosen few;  
Let the wine-cup, as up it doth sparkle,  
Gush forth, as the heart's warm dew.  
Then pledge, boys, pledge high, to a true heart,  
As kind heart, as true heart, as ever was tried;  
Here's his health, and God bless David Stewart,  
'The brother who stands by our side.

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48      Song of the Kingstown Lodge, 599.

AIR—"The Gypsy King."

Huzza for the Kingstown men,  
And merry men all they be;  
They dwell by the mountain and glen,  
They live by the side of the sea.  
From Merrion to Dalkey Strand,  
From Stillorgan to Dublin Bay,  
For the Cause of Nassau they stand,  
And shout a laughing huzza!

For he was the victor king, ha! ha!  
For he was the victor king!

A philosopher once there was,  
Whose wisdom in laughter lay,  
He counted that man a mere ass,  
Who wouldn't be always gay;  
And we the disciples are  
Of that merry old Grecian boy:  
For when William's achievemnts we hear,  
We laugh out a loud *feu de joie*;

For he was the victor king, ha! ha!  
For he was the victor king!

When victory crowns the fight;  
When rosy wine crowns the bowl;  
When harmony crowns the night,  
Then energies fill the soul;  
So we, when we think of the Boyne,  
And the cup to its glory we quaff,  
And the song and the chorusses join,  
Oh, then we exultingly laugh.

Huzza for the victor king! ha! ha!  
Huzza for the victor king!

But, oh, let it ne'er be thought  
That mere Bacchanalians are we;  
Our hearts are with energies fraught,  
Like the spirit of mountain and sea.  
We'll rush, like the wave on our coast,  
Or stand, like our bold precipice;  
And rank'd with our bold Orange host,  
The war-cry of "Kingstown" be this—

"Huzza for the victor king! huzza!  
Huzza for the victor king!"

49

## The Battle of Aughrim.

AIR—"The Admiral."

I sing, I sing exultingly, for Aughrim is my theme,  
And fancy paints the battle-field, as in a vivid dream;  
The marshall'd hosts in flashing steel, with war and  
vengeance rife,  
Like thunder-clouds with lightning, charged for ele-  
mental strife.  
Horsemen and foot, red, blue, and green, in bristling  
steel came on,  
Like sparkling foam of summer waves, quick glancing  
in the sun;  
And tramp and stamp, and rolling drum, and trumpet  
sounding high,  
Announced the fight at Aughrim, fought upon the  
Twelfth July!

With five and twenty thousand men Saint Ruth came  
boastingly—  
His rebel standard blazon'd with the Harp and  
*Fleur de lis*;  
From rank to rank he rode along, with animating  
shout,  
To fight for Popish James, and put King William's  
men to rout;  
The Priests proclaim'd, "the man who falls will die  
a holy martyr—  
Up! fight for Mother Church, and give the heretic no  
quarter."  
Thus Priest and Chief, with artful speech, did every  
effort try,  
To kindle rage at Aughrim's field upon the Twelfth  
July!

Our troops were eighteen thousand men, by General  
Ginckle led;  
Old England's flag—Saint George's cross—was fluttering  
overhead;  
Their hearts with holy freedom fired, their brows  
with victory glowing,  
And Derry, Boyne, and stout Athlone, were laurel  
leaves bestowing.  
One mind, one soul, one deep intent, pervaded all  
the host,  
To sweep the foe, as stormy surges sweep along the  
coast;  
Or as the eagle on its prey comes rushing from the  
sky,  
They rush'd to Anghrim's combat field upon the  
Twelfth July!

The fight comes on: Saint Ruth prevails—his troops  
he animates,  
And swears he'll drive the heretics, aye, up to Dublin  
gates;  
But, oh! a ball, by justice wing'd, to vindicate the  
Truth—  
As he rode down Kilcomodan, laid low the brave  
Saint Ruth.  
Then came the rout! Our troops rush'd on; the  
foe fled pale, aghast,  
Like autumn's leaves in myriads driven before No-  
vember's blast.  
Seven thousand men they left behind, in death to close  
the eye,  
While victory bless'd King William's men upon the  
Twelfth July!

It may be said, such sanguine scenes the muse should  
not relate;  
But I say, yes! you must be told the deeds you'd  
emulate;  
A holy zeal our sires fill'd to crush oppression strong,  
And oh! I'd try that zeal to raise upon the wings of  
song.  
For should the Papists coil again their adamantine  
chain,  
As did our sires, so we their sons, should rend the  
yoke in twain;  
And in the spirit of my song, which, with my heart  
must die,  
I fill to Aughrim's victor fight upon the Twelfth July!

---

50                      How pleasant in Lodge.

AIR—"One bumper at parting." Irish melody.

How pleasant in Lodge thus to muster,  
Where sympathies closely entwine,  
Where glasses, like stars in a cluster,  
Shine out in the red light of wine.  
The heart is a sensitive flower,  
Its blossoms if you would bring out,  
It must glow in the sunshine and shower,  
Which laughter and wine shed about.

CHORUS.

A bumper! let's hail the emotion,  
Whose spirit as in laughter hath birth,  
'Tis the pole-star of life's troubled ocean  
That leads to the haven of mirth.

A bumper to beauty's soft graces,  
To blue eyes and ringlets of jet;  
The zone which her bosom embraces  
Is clasp'd with an Orange Rosette.  
O'er the bright ruby wave we are quaffing,—  
What visions of bliss will arise,  
While fair faces, rosy and laughing,  
Speak passion with languishing eyes.  
A bumper, &c.

A bumper to friendship fraternal  
Enshrin'd in the Orangeman's breast,  
Like an evergreen, blooming and vernal,  
Like diamond, it stands every test.  
As true as the ship to the rudder—  
With shoulder to shoulder we stand;  
Then fill up to each belov'd brother,  
And give him heart, pocket, and hand.  
A bumper, &c.

One more: 'tis the last highest brimmer—  
Like sunset, more bright at the close;  
Oh! ever till life's latest glimmer,  
We'll hail the proud toast as it glows.  
Come, shew out your Orangeman's fervor—  
In royal salute let us join;  
Here's the memory of him, our preserver—  
King William, who conquer'd at Boyne!

A bumper! let's hail the emotion,  
Whose spirit as in laughter hath birth,  
'Tis the pole-star of life's troubled ocean  
That leads to the haven of mirth.



51

## King James II.

AIR—"Nae luck about the house."

King James the *Second* was the *first*  
 To *second* Popish sway,  
 And as his thoughts inclined to *Rome*,  
 He had to *roam* away.  
 He thought to fell our British oak—  
 Cut off its branches thick;  
 So as he meant our *stick* to *cut*,  
 We made him *cut* his *stick*.  
 Tol de rol, de rol, de rol, &c.

He was a genuine Jesuit—  
 A *foul* bird at the best;  
 So being *foul*, it was not *fair*  
 He should *befoul* the nest.  
 He seem'd to stand from isle to isle—  
 An impudent colossus;  
 And as he bowed unto the *cross*,  
 Of course we gave him *crosses*.  
 Tol, de rol, &c.

He seized our Bishops—but his threats  
 Their virtue never shook;  
 He for their croziers *fishing* was—  
 He got them—with a *hook*.  
 So after many a scurvy trick—  
 The Irish *seas* he cross'd—  
 He could not get the Bishops' *Sees*,  
 So on the *seas* was toss'd.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

Tyrconnell, as Lord *Lieutenant*,  
 Left *tenantless* the land;  
 He swore he'd *cow* King William's *horse*,  
 And take his *foot* in *hand*.

The tyrant made poor *Ireland*  
 The very *land of ire*;  
 The Jesuit kept it in a *fry*,  
 Because he was a *friar*.

Tol de rol, &c.

And thus were loyal Protestants  
 Bereft of house and home,  
 Because they would not bow unto  
 The Juggernaut of Rome.  
 The star of truth seem'd o'ercast,  
 But soon in brightness shewn;  
 Its lightnings flash'd round bigot James,  
 And hurl'd him from the throne.

Tol de rol, &c.

How glorious at Derry's seige  
 They made his balls recoil,  
 He *found* that he was *lost* and *foiled*  
 Upon the river *Fóyle*.  
 Great *Walker* walk'd into his schemes—  
 This *tester* put to *test*;  
 And James the *Second* was the *first*.  
 To come off *second* best.

Tol de rol, &c.

'Twas on the *Royal Bank* of Boyne  
 He thought some *change* to draw;  
 His note *dishonor'd*—he was found  
 A *bankrupt* man of straw.  
 His heroes to *the shades* were sent  
 To *sup*—not quite at ease;  
 Says he, "I do not like such *fare*—  
 Indeed 'tis not the *cheese*."

Tol de rol, &c.

At Anghrim's plains the Protestants  
 Did Popery repress;  
 'Twas there the foe lost brave Saint *Ruth*,  
 Which made them quite *ruthless*.  
 James saw at length it was no go—  
 Such queer chaps to be *troubling*;  
 So off to *Dublin* Castle went,  
 And there his cares were *doubling*.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

I'll have a bowl with James's face  
 Depicted in the cup;  
 We'll fill and empty—who would leave  
 That tyrant king a drop?  
 For Rome he would a-*mass* his power—  
 But mark what came to pass:  
 The bigot lost three golden crowns,  
 For that vain thing—a *mass*!  
 Tol de rol, &c.

And as for him, the punning wight,  
 Who now would make the fun stir,  
 Should danger come to *stir upon*,  
 He'll not be a *mere punster*.  
 Come trumpet, drum—he'll ne'er be found  
 A sneaking, halting marcher;  
 Midst merry soldiers, laughing, arch—  
 He'll be a *little Archer*.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

### One Summer's Eve.

AIR—"Youghal Harbour."

One summer eve, when bloom'd the heather,  
 At Delgany, that charming spot,  
 A youthful party sat together—  
 The world and all its cares forgot.

They cluster'd in a rosy bower,  
And saw the waves ride bright along,  
When sweetly in that soft still hour,  
A young man sung an Orange song.

And there smiled many a pretty girl—  
All free from pride and city art;  
There many a dark and glossy curl  
Entangled many a youthful heart.  
But there was one fair charming creature—  
Sweet Mary—innocent and young—  
With soul and beauty in each feature,  
Who listened to that Orange song.

The sun now sank beneath the billow,  
The stars from twilight peeping crept;  
And soft as childhood on its pillow,  
The sea beneath the moon-beams slept.  
The strand was bright as land of fairy—  
“A walk by moonlight can't be wrong”—  
Then forth he led sweet bashful Mary,  
The youth who sung the Orange song.

Oh summer moon! oh placid ocean!  
What witchery o'er the heart ye steal—  
The pure, extatic, soft emotion—  
Which only youthful hearts can feel.  
Sweet as the soft Æolian lyre,  
When Zephyr breathes its chords along,  
He breath'd to her his soul's desire—  
The youth who sung the Orange song.

In love or war we never falter—  
Persuasion's on our sword and tongue;  
And Mary whisper'd at the altar,  
“You won me with that Orange song!”

Come, fill, boys, fill—were I an earl  
 I'd give this toast, my peers among—  
 "My blessing on the lovely girl  
 Who loves to hear an Orange song!"

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53      Song of the Diamond Lodge, 1819.

AIR—"The brave old Oak."

A song to the field, the well-fought field,  
 At the Battle of the Diamond won;  
     When the sword in its might,  
     For Protestant right,  
 Flash'd forth in the evening sun.  
     The glorious West,  
     With its red clouds blest,  
 Shone out on the deed then done;  
     But the mountain heath  
     Was the scene of death,  
 At the Battle of the Diamond won.

CHORUS.

Then hurra, then hurra—  
 Give the toast with *eclat*—  
 Let the bumper in melody flow:  
     "Here's the victory won,  
     At the set of sun,  
 At the Battle of the Diamond, O!"

It was in the year of Ninety-five—  
 September the Twenty-first,  
     There rush'd from the hills,  
     With shouts and with yells,  
 The Defenders to do their worst.

But there to oppose,  
 Stood Protestant foes,  
 Who scattered the murderous crew;  
 And ere sun set,  
 The green grass was wet—  
 But not with the evening dew.  
 Then hurra, &c.

From this noble fight our Lodge takes its name—  
 The "Diamond Lodge"—our pride;  
 And the ardent desires  
 Which glow'd in our sires,  
 In us their sons abide.  
 And should rebels again  
 Be seen on the plain,  
 The Orangeman's fire they'd shun;  
 For "The Diamond" will cast  
 That fire to the last,  
 Which the Battle of the Diamond won!  
 Then hurra, &c.

---

## 54            The Young Orange Bride.

AIR—"Fill a cup, fill a cup, to the bright land we live in."  
 Come, lay by the harp, though its bold tones inspire  
 The deeds which the manly approve,  
 And touch for a moment the soft breathing lyre,  
 Whose silver notes whisper of love. [trot]  
 Let the theme be dear woman, whose glance can con-  
 Our vaunting, ambition, and pride;  
 Let the spirit of harmony breathe from the soul—  
 A stanza! to beauty, the young Orange Bride.

Weave a wreath for her brow of the balmiest flowers  
That ever the summer shone on,  
Whose odours were bathed in the softest of showers,  
Whose tints are all rich with the sun.  
In the rose we've her blushes—her virtue and truth  
In our bright Orange Lilly preside;  
Then place on the brow of such softness and youth—  
A chaplet! to beauty, the young Orange Bride.

Fill the cup—unto beauty we pour the libation—  
But even if nectar we'd sip—  
It never could rival her eyes' fascination,  
Or rival her roseate lip.  
Fill it up—let the cup to its measure be true—  
And our spirits shall float on its tide;  
Fill to her that could love but an Orange True Blue—  
A bumper! to beauty, the young Orange Bride.

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## 55      The Champions of Protestantism.

AIR—"The fine old English gentleman."

When Leo filled the papal chair, enthron'd above  
mankind,  
When grand processions charm'd the sense, when  
Monks enslav'd the mind;  
When sinners bought indulgences for crimes, from  
impious Rome,  
And Priests heap'd up the shining gold to build Saint  
Peter's dome,  
And holy faith and simple rite had none to plead  
their Cause.

Then up arose a learned Monk, with indignation  
Beneath his dark Augustine cowl flash'd forth the  
light of thought;  
And Martin Luther's eloquence on foul corruption  
burst—  
Its lightnings shatter'd Popery and laid it in the dust;  
He was the Prince of Protestants—first Champion  
of the Cause.

Then o'er our British isles arose the Reformation's star,  
Whose light the Priests of bloody Mary did their best  
to mar;  
But, oh, the faith which truth bestows no tyranny  
could shake,  
And Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, for it died at the stake;  
Oh! they were martyr Protestants—pure Champions  
of the Cause.

Then glorious Queen Elizabeth wore England's dia-  
With Protestant ascendancy in it the brightest gem;  
She bore the sceptre of the land—the trident of the  
main,  
And scattered o'er the stormy seas the Armada o'  
Spain;  
She was a royal Protestant, and Champion of the  
Cause.

Then came the leader of our host, of glorious memory  
Who led the Irish Protestants to fight and victory;  
And pious Walker, soldier priest, the guard of Derry's  
gate,  
Who, at the Battle of the Boyne met with a bloody  
fate;  
Oh! they were valiant Protestants—bold Champions  
of the Cause.



[truth,

Oh! may these Stars of intellect—of virtue, valour,  
 Cheer up the aged Orangeman, and guide the ardent  
 youth;  
 And with this pious sentiment I'll consecrate my glass,  
 And toast their mem'ries who put down the Jesuit and  
 the mass—  
 "The glorious band of Protestants—true Champions  
 of the Cause."

---

MARTIN LUTHER.

56                    The Luther Lodge, 1852.

AIR—"The Storm."

In his cell with gloom surrounded,  
 Pondered an Augustine Monk,  
 While his mind with doubt confounded—  
 Now was bold, now fearful shrunk.  
 But at length, in Truth's refulgence,  
 He burst the gloom; like lightning hurl'd  
 Flew his words against Indulgence—  
 Martin Luther braved the world!

Pope, and Emperor—men priest-ridden—  
 Anathematized his daring deed;  
 Soon to Worms he was bidden,  
 There to explain his daring deed.  
 Bold he went, and scorn'd their power—  
 Thrones nor Pope his zeal could dim;  
 And at Worms' ancient tower,  
 Sung his pious glorious hymn.

Bold he met their subtle malice;  
 All their mummery attacked—  
 "Real Prescence," "Saints," and "Chalice"—  
 And cried out, "I'll not retract."

O'er the land with voice of thunder  
 Spread his eloquence divine;  
 He whose lightnings dash'd asunder  
 Popery's unhallow'd shrine.

Orangemen who share the blessing,  
 Which great Luther won us then,  
 Never, never, cease expressing—  
 To his doctrine loud "Amen!"  
 Let us show that we inherit  
 Courage, even unto the death;  
 Led by Luther's truthful spirit—  
 Luther! Champion of the Faith!

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# 57 Initiatory Song of the City of Dublin Royal Black Preceptory, 19.

THREE—FIVE—SEVEN—ELEVEN.

AIR—"The battle and the breeze."

Behold the cup of festal rite—  
 Come fill it up with wine,  
 Present it to the chosen knight,  
 At friendship's hallow'd shrine.  
 The soul of song now mounting up  
 On wings of gleaming light,  
 Will hover o'er the festive cup,  
 To hail the chosen knight.  
 Then fill to him,  
 Unto the brim,  
 Who three great lights did see—  
 Who knows the wisdom that is taught  
 By ancient number Three!

Let wealth her golden coffers fill,  
Or bounteous aid impart ;  
Yet all the kinder feelings chill  
When avarice grasps the heart.  
I care not for the wealthy fool—  
Let splendour lead the van ;  
Give me—it is a golden rule—  
A generous, humble man.  
Then fill to him,  
Unto the brim,  
Who proudly did arrive,  
To know the wisdom that is taught  
By mystic number Five!

Let learning pilot through the dark,  
And shed her light about ;  
Yet oft she guides the fragile bark  
O'er seas of impious doubt.  
I prize the man, whose highest lore  
In holy writ I trace—  
Who walks where virtue points before—  
Through "all her paths of peace."  
Then fill to him,  
Unto the brim,  
Who ignorance hath riven ;  
Who knows the wisdom that is taught  
By learned number Seven !

Let high philosophy go preach,  
And trace effect to cause,  
And all their metaphysics teach,  
And lay down social laws.  
But all the maxims that they know,  
In one heart here unite—  
The heart that can forgive a foe,  
And love a brother knight.

Then fill to him,  
 Unto the brim,  
 For unto him is given,  
 To know the wisdom that is taught  
 By glorious Eleven!

Fraternal spirit! here thou art—  
 Methinks I see thee pass;  
 Thou animatest up my heart,  
 Thou flutterest o'er my glass.  
 Thy soothing spells around me swim,  
 While soul to soul unite;  
 And thus they whisper, "fill to him—  
 To him the chosen knight!"  
 Then fill to him,  
 Unto the brim,  
 May life to its declining,  
 Flow like a stream in summer's beam—  
 All flowery, smooth, and shining.

58

## The Orangeman's Dirge.

AIR—"The Mistletoe bough."

They buried him deep in his cold dark bed,  
 They whisper'd a prayer o'er the coffin'd dead,  
 And they dropp'd a tear for departed worth,  
 Ere they left him to sleep with his mother earth;  
 And they saw the red worm all rank and full,  
 Come out from its feast in a mouldering skull;  
 And they shudder'd to see so foul a stain  
 In the temple of thought—the human brain.  
 Oh death's withering wing!  
 Oh death's withering wing!

No more, no more, shall that clay-cold breast  
 With the Orange and Purple sash be dress'd;  
 No more, no more, shall he breathe the song,  
 Or the shout of his heart the toast prolong.  
 He's gone! O'er his Lodge there is gloom and dearth.  
 He's gone! Desolation is round his hearth.  
 Like mist of the morning, like river foam,  
 He's gone, and for ever, from friend and home.  
     Oh death's withering wing!  
     Oh death's withering wing!

But, oh, not thus; his immortal soul—  
 Ethereal, and free from the grave's control—  
 Midst troops of angels on brilliant wings,  
 To the spirit that made it, it upward springs.  
 Hark! sounds seraphic proclaim its flight  
 To the fountain of everlasting light;  
 And joyous and glorious the cherubim,  
 Their heavenly chorus thus doth hymn—  
     “Oh death, where is thy sting!  
     Oh grave thy victory!”

---

HUGH LATIMER.

59

The Latimer Lodge, 1855.

AIR—“Farewell to the mountain.”

Behold! oh terrific! they've led to the stake  
 Their victim, whose courage no torture could shake;  
 All pious, unshrinking, he looks to the skies:  
 For Truth—for the Gospel—Hugh Latimer dies!

All true and prophetic, to Ridley he cried—  
 Ere the fire enwrapt them while chain'd side by side:  
 “Oh! this day in England,” he cried with a shout,  
 “We've lighted a candle that ne'er shall go out.”

Behold! oh behold him!—the Champion of Faith—  
 Bathe his hands in the fire, and look fearless on death,  
 And piously cried out, while flames round him roll,  
 “O Father of Heaven! receive, oh, my soul!”

Oh joyous, oh joyous—the spirit’s released—  
 All heaven lies open—the anguish has ceased;  
 And a crown and a glory did Latimer win—  
 For the blood of the martyr had wash’d away sin.

Oh let us, oh let us, for faith and for right,  
 Like Latimer, put on the “armour of light;”  
 ’Tis the spirit of valour—’tis the spirit of prayer—  
 ’Tis the shield of the Christian—oppose him who dare.

---

## 60 Hail to the brave and mighty dead.

AIR—“When Vulcan forged.”

Hail to the brave and mighty dead—  
 The hero, and the sage—  
 Whose glorious deeds shall lustre shed  
 To many a future age.  
 And loud the trumpet-voice of fame,  
 The valiant actions shall proclaim,  
 Of many a true and faithful band,  
 Who fought and bled for Orange land.

When Jesuits did lord it o’er  
 Those rights not made for them;  
 When bigot James tyrannic wore  
 Old England’s diadem;  
 Oh, then, there beam’d across the sea  
 A star of hope—of chivalry;  
 Great William came, and gave command—  
 He fought, and won for Orange land.

Pious and true then Walker came—

And unto him was given—

To fire the heart with freedom's flame,

And guide the soul to heaven;

And men who reverenc'd Virtue's name

Follow'd in Walker's path of fame;

But, oh, at Boyne's immortal strand,

He lost his life for Orange land.

Schomberg the Great, in battle strife,

Oft won the victor crown,

Now offered up his veteran life,

To pull a tyrant down;

And star-like his career was cast—

All light—all glorious to the last;

And he who often battle plann'd,

In battle fell for Orange land.

Oh! let us hail, as leading stars,

These mighty-minded men,

And emulate their deeds, their scars—

No matter where or when.

In Heaven's light we'll tread the earth—

Marshall'd for Altar, Throne, and hearth;

Midst cannons' roar and flashing brand—

To die! to die! for Orange land!

---

#### JOHN WICKLIFFE:

61

The Wickliffe Lodge, 1377.

AIR—"Scots wha hae."

Ere the light of Luther rose,

Like the sun when morning glows,

To dispel the clouds of those

Whom the truth would mar;

Bold did Wickliffe's spirit come—  
Loud exposed unhallow'd Rome,  
Beaming o'er its fated dome—

The Reformation's Star!

Begging Friars—Monkish crew—  
Popish pride, and avarice too;  
Bigotry that round it threw,  
Priestcraft, wide and far;  
Superstition's sinful rite—  
Foul as witchcraft's gloomy night;  
All by Wickliffe brought to light—

The Reformation Star!

Men look'd up, began to hope,  
When his tongue took fearless scope;  
"Antichrist," he called the Pope,  
In his idol car.

Mitred Pontiff! Sceptred King!  
All the ills their hate could bring  
Could not check his daring wing—

The Reformation Star!

Oh let us in very sooth—  
Gray-hair'd sire, stalworth youth—  
Men who know the bless'd truth—  
Won through fire and war;  
Sons of William, nobly rise!  
Look above! Your guidance lies—  
Wickliffe!—in the radiant skies—

The Reformation Star!



## 2 King William's Day.

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH NOVEMBER.

AIR—"The chough and crow."

The glorious day of Aughrim's field—  
 That day of chivalry—  
 We'll ne'er forget, when helm and shield  
 Were bless'd with victory!  
 Like wildfire flash'd our engines, then  
 Red havoc spread dismay;  
 Up, rouse ye, then, my merry Orangemen,  
 It is King William's day!

To blast the torch of Liberty,  
 Which our brave fathers fired,  
 False James—the slave of bigotry—  
 With Papist foes conspired.

But history's page tells where and when  
 We made them run away;  
 Up, rouse ye, then, my merry Orangemen,  
 It is King William's day!

Another Boyne may have its fray;  
 Another Aughrim rise;  
 Another Londonderry may  
 Shew where its martyr lies.  
 And should such scenes blaze forth again—  
 Stand close upon that day;  
 Up, rouse ye, then, my merry Orangemen,  
 It is King William's day!

## 63 Song of the Constitution Lodge, —

AIR—"Maggie Lawder."

Let victory sound the soldier's fame,  
 And raise the trophy column;  
 Let learning's bright and honor'd name  
 Illuminate the volume.

Let poets breath immortal song—  
The muse their fancy firing;  
Let patriots rise a glorious throng—  
To freedom's shrine aspiring.

While heroes, bards, and sages, thus  
Are prized, and praised in story;  
Say what achievement is for us—  
On which to build our glory?  
Oh yes; we point, with hearts *elate*,  
To light that's no illusion—  
The Star of "Sixteen eighty-eight"—  
Our glorious Constitution!

The obelisk, the pyramid,  
Built by some proud projector,  
Were raised to show what great men did—  
They live in architecture;  
But, oh, our temples far more great;  
Built by freemen's communion;  
Our pyramid of "'Eighty-eight"—  
Our glorious Constitution!

To raise this temple of our rights,  
Their aid our sires lent it;  
For it they fought a hundred fights—  
Their blood the walls cemented.  
Great Orange William, sent by fate,  
Shed valor's bright diffusion,  
To win the pride of "'Eighty-eight"—  
Our glorious Constitution.

Come, fill the cup of victory,  
"Ye Orange Constitution,"  
And drink with plaudits three times three  
Unto our hearts' communion.

May ever upon rebels wait—  
Defeat, disgrace, confusion ;  
And all who love not “ ‘Eighty-eight—  
Our glorious Constitution !

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34      **The Achievements of Enniskillen.**

**The Battle of Newtown Butler.**

**AIR—“The Arethusa.”**

It was in Sixteen eighty-nine,  
Three rebel armies did combine  
To quench the fire on Freedom's shrine,  
Which blazed in Enniskillen.  
The Duke of Berwick led the North ;  
Mount Cashel led the Southern forth ;  
And Sarsfield's best  
Came from the West—  
Twelve thousand men they all came on ;  
But they fled, like mists at the rising sun,  
From the men of Enniskillen !

Up rose a host of heroes then,  
To combat Sarsfield's Connaught men—  
Like stag-hounds rushing up a glen,  
Came on brave Enniskillen !  
Five thousand Sarsfield led along ;  
One thousand only we were strong ;  
But the fire of the just  
Laid them low in the dust—  
But they fell like grass at the sweep of the scythe,  
While bigot slave on the ground did writhe  
Beneath brave Enniskillen !

Then Berwick's gallant cavalry  
Rode proudly up to Corneecree;  
But there a new Thermopyle,  
Was that pass of Enniskillen;  
For there a few brave sons of truth—  
The hardy sire, and fiery youth,  
As firm as a rock,  
To the tempest shock,  
They stood their ground 'gainst a thousand horse,  
Till Berwick fled as he could not force  
The pass of Enniskillen!

But, oh, the crowning fight of all,  
At Newtown Butler did befall.  
Whose death smoke like a funeral pall,  
Wrapt the foes of Enniskillen;  
Their pride and boast, bedeck'd in red—  
Lord Clare's dragoons, all fell or fled.  
But, oh! pell mell,  
How the sword did tell,  
When scattered Munster strewed the plain,  
And Lord Mount Cashel bore the chain  
Of gallant Enniskillen!

Thus freedom's sons broke the control—  
The papal chain—that would have stole  
Its fetters round the immortal soul;  
Oh valiant Enniskillen!  
Oh may its bright example fire  
The son to emulate the sire;  
And now fill the glass,  
This toast, let it pass—  
“May victory bless the Orange brand,  
When raised for faith, and father-land”—  
Like glorious Enniskillen!

65                    **The Trumpet of Glory.***AIR—"Will Watch,"*

'The trumpet of glory has often victorious  
Sung out the bold anthem, the chevaliers' song,  
In praise of old England—old England the glorious—  
Whose sons, like her bold waves, to freedom belong.  
Emblazon'd on history's page is the story  
Of spirits, as bold as the world ever saw;  
But none shone more bright in our annals of glory,  
Than Wellington, Nelson, and Orange Nassau.

Old England had long ruled as Queen of the Ocean,  
Her sons were all freemen, all Europe were slaves—  
When infidel France, and proud Spain took a notion—  
They'd conquer Britannia who rules o'er the waves.  
Combin'd came their fleets—but they fled from the  
lightning  
Of Nelson, our Neptune, our bright ocean star,  
Who fell, while around him was victory bright'ning—  
For Nelson and England at famed Trafalgar!

Napoleon le Grand—ere his fortunes were darkling—  
How glorious his upshot, but downfall, how quick;  
He rose like a rocket, all fiery and sparkling;  
He fell all as shabby, and dark as the stick.  
He fought and he conquer'd—but England, oh, never,  
For Wellington did his Imperials subdue;  
On the shield of Britannia emblazoned for ever—  
In a halo of glory shall beam Waterloo!

I am proud of these battles—but, oh, I am prouder  
Of one that was fought for my altar—my home;  
In its praise shall my song, and my plaudit be louder—  
On my song floats my soul, as the wave bears the  
foam.

For faith and for freedom, on earth and in heaven,  
Did true men in fervor and piety join,  
When the chains of the Papist were gloriously riven  
By William of Orange, victorious at Boyne!

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PHILIP MELANCTHON.

66      The Melancthon Lodge, 1755.

AIR—"Rousseau's Dream."

When arose the Reformation—  
When its light did first appear—  
What a glorious constellation  
Brightened up the hemisphere.  
Zealous men were seen to clustre—  
Filled with truth, and faith, and love;  
Stars on earth which drew their lustre  
From the fount of light above.

Luther was the sun resplendant  
Of this galaxy of light,  
And around him were attendant  
Many a shining satellite.  
And amidst this troop of spirits,  
In whom deeply were imbued  
All the virtues man inherits—  
Mild Melancthon brightly stood.

Oh! he was so kind a mortal—  
Full of gentlest sympathies—  
Soul more pure to heaven's portal  
Never sought the glorious skies.  
Learning's lamp his mind enlighten'd,  
Candour kept him free from art;  
Truth his soul with wisdom brighten'd,  
Piety refined his heart.

Here below all would be darkling,  
 Were we left without that light  
 Which illumed this spirit sparkling—  
 Guiding us through error's night.  
 Like his heart—all pious, loving—  
 Be our hearts in unity ;  
 To the world ever proving  
 Orangemen's fraternity.

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67      The Pope sat with his Cardinals.

AIR—"Sandy's mull."

The Pope sat with his Cardinals,  
 All Jesuitic generals—  
 Within their gold and purple stalls  
     In pontifical guise, man.  
 Pope Pio Nino saw with grief  
 How England laugh'd at bull and brief;  
 But soon he thought he'd find relief  
     In Jesuitic Wiseman.

With hearts where dwell—  
 The purpose fell,  
 To doom to hell  
 All who rebel;  
 With popish spell,  
     Came hooded Monk and Friar.

They sat within the Vatican,  
 With twinkling eye, and visage wan,  
 And wither'd lip, and brow whose span  
     Was bent in deep disguise, man.  
 In scarlet hat, and purple hose,  
 And jewell'd ring, whose lustre glows,  
 And robes of lace, like Alpine snows,  
     They met with Doctor Wiseman.  
     With hearts where dwell, &c.

They talked of English heretics—  
They vowed they'd send them to old Nic's  
Who'd not bow to the crucifix

With adorations sigh, man.

They said the time once more was come  
For England's vassalage to Rome;  
How Doctor Pussey work'd our doom  
With Jesuitic Wiseman.

With hearts where dwell, &c.

They said they would divide the land  
Amongst the apostolic band—  
North, East, West, South on every hand—  
Cathedrals should arise, man.

"The Sees are ours—we'll have our due—  
Westminster we will give to you,  
And Cardinal Archbishop too—  
You shall be Doctor Wiseman."

With hearts where dwell, &c.

Arundel, Shrewsbury, and a few—  
The sons of men whom martyrs slew—  
Vile bloody Mary's lordly crew—  
For Mother Church would rise, man.

The Land of Saints would rise with zeal,  
Paul Cullen—rampant John M'Hale—  
And sly-boots Daniel Murray, pale,  
Would second Doctor Wiseman.

With hearts where dwell, &c.

So having kissed the Pontiff's toe,  
And having got his red chapeau,  
Lord Cardinal did Wiseman go,  
And off to London flies, man.



When there, he thought it all quite pat,  
To bishop this man, bishop that,  
And swagger in his scarlet hat,  
    What a *foolish* man was *Wiseman*.  
    With hearts where dwell, &c.

But since the days of Wolsey proud  
To Cardinals we never bowed,  
So up arose the nation land  
    In opposition cries, man.  
They held in scorn audacious Rome—  
They loved the Throne, their Faith, and Home  
Too well, to let Saint Peter's dome  
    Have sway with Doctor Wiseman.  
    With hearts where dwell, &c.

Then England's law the fiat gave—  
That no presumptuous Popish knave,  
His tangling meshes here should weave  
    To catch the soul with lies, man.  
For sly, insidious, dark, and foul,  
A subtle fiend with angry scowl,  
Lies hid beneath the monkish cowl  
    Of Jesuitic Wiseman.  
    With hearts where dwell, &c.

Arise ye Orangemen, arise—  
The holy martyrs from the skies  
Smile on your spirits high emprise,  
    Which Popery defies, man;  
Smite down the Popish autocrat;  
Despise the Pussey treacherous rat,  
And trample on the scarlet hat  
    Of Jesuitic Wiseman.  
    They've hearts where dwell, &c.

## 68                    The Orange Yeomanry of '98.

AIR—"Paddies evermore."

I'm an humble Orangeman, my father he was one—  
 The mantle which the sire wore has fallen to the son;  
 He ranked with those who quelled their foes—the  
     foes of Church and State,  
 The gallant Orange Yeomanry who fought in Ninety-  
     eight!

[shine,  
 The light which led their spirits on o'er battle-field did  
 Each breast was freedom's temple pure, each heart  
     was freedom's shrine;  
 As sinks the day in glorious ray, some sunk—and  
     bright their fate—  
 The gallant Orange Yeomanry who fought in Ninety-  
     eight!

Behold the Orange peasant, or the Orange artizan;  
 Go view his home, observe his ways—you'll find it  
     is his plan,  
 Through woe or weal, with godly zeal, true men to  
     imitate—  
 The gallant Orange Yeomanry who fought in Ninety-  
     eight!

To guard the Faith which Luther preached—the right  
     which William won,  
 The Orangeman relies upon his bible and his gun;  
 He prays for peace—yet war will face, should rebels  
     congregate—  
 Like them, the Orange Yeomanry who fought in  
     Ninety-eight!

“Who fears to speak of '98?”—this was the silly note  
Of one who was afraid to put his name to what he  
wrote ;

He was afraid—they're all afraid—they know we'll  
gag their prate,

As did the Orange Yeomanry who fought in Ninety-  
eight !

[remain,  
In peace, like watchful silent stars, can Orangemen  
In war their energies are like, the surges of the main;  
Or like the mountain torrents rush, that never knows  
retreat,

Would be their onset, like to them who fought in  
Ninety-eight !

A toast, brave boys—“God save the Queen”—come,  
raise the sparkling glass—

For England's Church, and England's Throne, we'll  
stand in danger's pass;

And drink to every Orangeman who'd smile, though  
death await,

As did the Orange Yeomanry who fought in Ninety-  
eight !

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69      Song of the George Walker Lodge, 989.

AIR—“Jeannette and Jéannott.”

My soul is filled with zeal, and my heart swells high  
with pride,

When memory calls the spirits up of valiant men  
who died;

Who died for all the golden links which bind us down  
to earth—

Our holy faith; our liberties; the land that gave us  
birth !

And when imagination brings them up at dead of  
 night,  
 A hero troop they sweep along in their immortal light;  
 O then methinks I see a shade before my vision glide,  
 The spirit of George Walker, of Derry's walls the  
 pride!

When Derry's martyrs wasted pale, when famine  
 sapp'd their blood—  
 As Moses stood amidst the plague, this great and good  
 man stood;  
 When Derry's walls were girt with foes, all succour to  
 retard,  
 He stood like him who raised the sword of Gideon and  
 the Lord.  
 And when our glorious William led his men to victory,  
 Our soldier-priest was seen beside the banner of the  
 free;  
 And as he preached for God and truth, and fought for  
 law and right,  
 For them he met a glorious death at Boyne's immortal  
 fight.

[friendship fill,  
 We oft have tasted sparkling cups which love and  
 And toasted joys and sentiments which all our bosoms  
 thrill;  
 But o'er the cup before us now a holier light is shed,  
 The pure libation pour'd to the memory of the dead.  
 Oh! raise in solemn silence the bumper to your lips,  
 To him whose fame and piety no others could eclipse;  
 And this our charter-toast shall be—drunk standing  
 side by side—  
 "The memory of George Walker! of Derry's walls  
 the pride!"

## 70                    A Song to the Lark.

AIR—"The brave old oak!"

A song to the lark, the merry, merry lark,  
He soars with a spirit's flight  
Through the misty clouds  
That morning shrouds—  
He flies to the fountain of light;  
He's a true Orange bird—  
For when William the Third  
Led his troops on the First of July,  
The lark's merry song  
Cheer'd the hero along,  
With melody down from the sky.

## CHORUS.

Then a song to the lark, the merry, merry lark,  
Who loves in the blue air to swim;  
He is the true bird  
Of William the Third,  
For he sung him an Orange hymn.

From his flutt'ring wings when the dew-drops he flings,  
They seem as they glance to earth  
Like atoms of light,  
In their downward flight,  
Or sparkles of brilliant mirth;  
As he soars into light  
From the mists of the night,  
He's a type of that soul unconfined,  
Which burst through the cloud,  
Which the bigot, the proud,  
Would have cast o'er the Protestant mind.  
Then a song, &c.

How sweet in the vale the soft nightingale  
 .Breathes his song to the glowing stars;  
     Then the sentinel still  
     In camp on the hill  
 Thinks of home far away from the wars.  
     But the lark, oh, for me,  
     And his wild melody,  
 Piping high like a martial fife;  
     Its music doth come  
     To the soldiers' drum,  
 And quickens the springs of life.  
                                     Then a song, &c.

The eagle—great bird! is rapacious and proud—  
 Too aristocratic for me;  
     On his throne amidst rocks,  
     Human grandeur he mocks,  
 Wrapt up in his royalty.  
     But, oh, take my word,  
     The lark is the bird,  
 For true men wherever they be;  
     His home's the green earth—  
     The land of our birth,  
 And his song is the song of the free!  
                                     Then a song, &c.

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 JOHN KNOX.

71           The John Knox Lodge, 1848.

    Aye—"Auld lang syne."

Dark clouds of error spreading wide  
 Had hid the Light Divine,  
 And Rome, in idol pomp and pride,  
 Profaned the Altar's shrine;

But from afar, these ills to mar,  
 And check their Monkish guile,  
 Arose John Knox, a glorious Star—  
 The Star of Scotia's Isle!

An instrument of Providence  
 To advocate the Truth,  
 With soul as warm, and zeal intense,  
 In age as ardent youth;  
 All ills to brave—a galley slave,  
 A prisoner, an exile,  
 Was he who lash'd each Popish knave—  
 The Star of Scotia's Isle!

Like Luther, bold and eloquent,  
 Like Calvin, holy, pure,  
 Like William, all his spirit went,  
 Man's freedom to secure.  
 Oh let us then, true Orangemen,  
 Deserve all good men's smile,  
 Like him who fear'd not thousands ten—  
 The Star of Scotia's Isle!

'2

When Spirits gay.

AIR—"Lucy Long."

When spirits gay are soaring  
 On pleasure's rosy wing;  
 When ruby flasks are pouring,  
 When merry fellows sing.  
 When stars in twilight glimmer,  
 When friendship's cup we share—  
 Oh then the brightest brimmer  
 We fill to woman fair.

## CHORUS.

Then fill your sparkling glasses  
To bright eyes, black and blue;  
And toast those lovely lasses  
Who love the Orange hue.

Our Cause shall have a bumper,  
And one to William's name;  
To sturdy Boyne a thumper,  
And one to Derry's fame;  
And one unto our brothers—  
True men, devoid of guile;  
But sweeter than all others,  
We fill to beauty's smile.  
Then fill your sparkling glasses, &c.

When life looks lone and dreary,  
She smiles, and all is bright;  
When time's swift wing grows weary,  
Her glance renews his flight.  
On life's sea to the rover  
She is his guiding star;  
But when he's half seas over,  
Oh! then she's brighter far.  
Then fill your sparkling glasses, &c.

For her the famed in story  
Sought war and ocean's foam—  
Her glance led on to glory,  
Her smile has brighten'd home.  
When war her banners furl,  
And crowns the victors wear,  
Oh! bloomless is the laurel,  
If love's roses are not there.  
Then fill your sparkling glasses, &c.



Astronomy! Some greet her,  
 And watch her starry skies;  
 Oh, trust me, 'tis much sweeter  
 To watch sweet woman's eyes.  
 My heart can't give compliance  
 To learning—prudish miss;  
 Give some the bliss of science—  
 Oh! give me that of bias.  
 Then fill your sparkling glasses, &c.

As the rose is in the bower,  
 The fount in desert ways;  
 The star in twilight hour,  
 The Isle in stormy seas;  
 Thus, thus, is charming woman—  
 More bright than Indian pearls;  
 Dear to the heart of true men—  
 So "here's the lovely girls!"  
 Then fill your sparkling glasses, &c.

### 73 The Orange Drum.

AIR—"Braw John Hyland man (White cockade)."

Oh the Orange drum!  
 Oh the Orange drum!  
 When the music of its roll o'er my ear does come,  
 And sounding up the glen,  
 With merry Orangemen,  
 Oh there's life and admiration in the Orange drum.  
 And the martial fife,  
 With spirit rife,  
 And bright Orange banners floating on;  
 Oh when that banner spread,  
 Rebellion's sons have fled,  
 As mists will fly away from the rising sun.  
 Oh the Orange drum, &c.

How grand on the ear  
 Sounds the trumpet clear,  
 When military troops in the field appear;  
 And the trumpet blast  
 Will an ardour cast  
 O'er the hearts of true men whom our Queen revere  
 Yet, give me the beat  
 That ne'er knew retreat—  
 The roll of our drum and the martial fife—  
 That cheer'd our gallant sires,  
 Their ardent sons inspires,  
 And led unto victory through blood and strife.  
 Oh the Orange drum, &c.

Come, the glass fill high—  
 For I cannot see why—  
 If my heart overflows that my cup should be dry;  
 For the glass should express  
 The heart's excess,  
 As the soul beams forth in the sparkling eye.  
 I'll give a toast—  
 Stand to your post—  
 We'll sing its applause like bees that hum;  
 With bumpers flowing high,  
 Shout, shout unto the sky,  
 "Here's glory and success to the Orange drum!"  
 Oh the Orange drum, &c.

#### 74 A Life in King William's Camp.

AIR—"A life on the Ocean wave."  
 A life in King William's camp—  
 A life with the bold and free;  
 With spirits no fear could damp—  
 Oh! that were the life for me.

Like bees that crowding come  
To the hive when day is past,  
They march'd to the rolling drum,  
Or charged to the trumpet blast.

## CHORUS.

A life in King William's camp—  
A life with the bold and free;  
With spirits no fear could damp—  
Oh! that were the life for me.

At morn, up with the dawn,  
To the sound of the bugle clear;  
At noon, on the verdant lawn,  
Was spread the soldiers' fare.  
At evening, ere the watch  
Was set for night patrol,  
They sung the merry catch,  
And filled the flowing bowl.  
A life, &c.

But, oh, when they heard the shout—  
"To arms! to arms! to arms!"  
What energies burst out—  
Eager for war's alarms.  
With Walker—for God and right—  
Schomberg, of flashing steel,  
And William, to lead the fight—  
Oh! they were invincible!  
A life, &c.

Thus whether he dwelt in tent,  
Or rush'd to meet the foe,  
The Protestant soldier went  
With a light upon his brow;

With a heart that could accord,  
 Where love the bowl would crown,  
 And an arm to raise the sword  
 To strike a tyrant down!  
 A life, &c.

Ye sons of that hero band—  
 Whose spirit each soul inspires—  
 Oh join both heart and hand  
 To emulate our sires.  
 Come fill the jovial glass—  
 Trim up the evening lamp—  
 “Here’s their memory who did pass,  
 A life in King William’s camp.”  
 A life, &c.

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75

Now let us close the Night. ✓

AIR—“Rise Sons of William rise.”

Now let us close the night—  
 Let the song be gay and light;  
 Heart, hand, and voice unite;  
 Bidding each farewell.  
 See we trace  
 Love and peace  
 In each happy smiling face;  
 On our brow  
 Glows the vow  
 Of the Orange spell.

Now let us close the night,  
 Let the song be gay and light;  
 Heart, hand, and voice unite,  
 Bidding each farewell.

Time's sands run sparkling—  
Let us pearls for him string,  
To deck his rapid wing,  
Ere he flies away.  
Friendship's bowers  
Offer flowers  
Wreath'd by the rosy hours;  
Such a chain  
Might detain  
Time awhile to stay.  
Now let us close the night, &c.

Gay hours fly too fast—  
Many gay to-night have past—  
But sweetest is the last,  
Bright-like coming day;  
Ere he's fled,  
Light he's shed  
From his little starry head;  
Fairy Elve!  
His hour—Twelve—  
Whispers, "come away!"  
Now let us close the night, &c.



## POEMS.

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### Orangeism—then and now.

I am a plain old Orangeman,  
Of humble station, honest birth;  
I think myself as true a man,  
As any man who treads the earth.  
To Throne and Altar, Church and State,  
I'll give my arm, faith, and word;  
But as a plain old Orangeman,  
I care but little for a lord.

'Tis true that lords have nobly stood  
To pull a tyrant monarch down—  
From John, they Magna Charta won,  
From James, they help'd to wrest the Crown.  
But Runemede, and glorious Boyne,  
Would never suit your modern sword;  
And thinking of these fields of fame,  
How I despise a carpet lord.

In times of danger, strife, and death,  
Our Institution did arise—  
A wiser scheme to crush the bad,  
The human mind could ne'er devise.  
Where rebel foes in thousands thronged,  
There flashed the valiant Orange sword,  
And underneath its seven-fold shield,  
Crept many a prudent willing lord.

Thousands of men ensnar'd us round,  
Who'd smile, and smile, yet plan the blow;  
And as we could not read the heart,  
'Twas fit to know a friend from foe.  
Then prudence taught the mystic sign,  
And told the talismanic word,  
By which to know for whom we'd die,  
Whether a peasant or a lord.

Then Orangeism bore the palm,  
And led to honor, wealth, and fame;  
Its rules, its rites, were reverenc'd,  
And blazon'd with a royal name.  
The mitre, and the coronet,  
The senate, and the council board—  
All smiled upon an Orange Lodge,  
And so, of course, did many a lord.

When rebel steel flashed o'er the land,  
On mountain height, in town, and glen,  
Who fought their way through fire and blood,  
To smite them down?—the Orangemen!  
For this the senate gave us thanks—  
And well we earned the high reward;  
And compliments and gratitude  
Were paid by many a flippant lord

But vile expediency arose  
To lay the Orange banner low;  
'Tis crime to hold the bond of truth—  
'Tis crime to know a friend from foe.  
And who are they who foremost stand  
To put their fiat and award,  
Upon that lov'd and loving band?—  
Why, many a vacillating lord.

A law may frown, coerce, proscribe—  
 Call me illegal—crush me down;  
 But all the powers on earth cannot  
 Make me disloyal to the Crown.  
 I care not for aristocrats—  
 With humble men I will accord—  
 And when the hour of danger's near,  
 Oh! how I will despise a lord.

---

On reading in the *Spirit of the Nation* the verses beginning

“Who fears to Speak of Ninety-eight?”

Signed S., T. C. D.

“Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?”  
 Thus vauntingly Young Ireland spoke,  
 With uncheck'd impudence *elate*—  
 Ripe to shake off the British yoke.  
 Oh, what a fiery waspish thing,  
 Spring from the head of Old Repeal:  
 Like to a wasp its buzzing wing—  
 Unlike a wasp—its stingless tail;  
 Young Ireland—what a vaporing throng—  
 Their courage oozed out in a song!

'Tis said this vile, but clever verse,  
 Sprung from the able pen of one  
 Whose numbers so emphatic, terse,  
 With some did for its spleen atone;  
 Who soar'd on learning's classic wing,  
 Who climbed up science' lofty mount;  
 Who quaff'd the bright hesperian spring,  
 But never drank at Wisdom's fount.  
 What gained he by his learned lore?—  
 The knack to ope a rankling sore.



Oh! shades of Grattan! Carran! Flood!—

Ye on whose accents freedom hung ;

Ye who *spoke out*, and bravely stood,

With soul of fire and *fearless* tongue.

Spirits! could ye look down on us,—

Black with contempt your glance would be  
Upon that vile *anonymous*—

That sneaking “S——, T.C.D.,”

Who would incite to rebel shout,

But dastard-like, would not *speak out*.

Collegiate rules impose an oath,

A holy sacramental vow ;

’Tis said S——, T.C.D. took both

Ere college honors decked his brow!

If so, he swore to stand or fall

By Britain’s Crown—’gainst every wrong ;

But read his rhymes—’tis treason all—

He’s perjur’d in that rebel song.

Alas! let Alma Mater weep,

That soul is perill’d deeply deep.

Magician-like, he would have cast

His spells, and raised from charnal dust

The horrid monster of the past—

The fiend of rapine, blood, and lust.

Like to presumptuous Frankenstein,

Who raised a fiend from dead men’s bones,  
So horrible it seared his brain,

And sought his life with yells and groans!

Such, “S——, T.C.D.,” your fate—

Go, raise the fiend of “Ninety-eight!”

"Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?";  
Who shout this empty gasconade?—  
The sons of men whose deadly hate—  
A land of graves their country made.  
"The Age of Reason"—"Rights of Man"—  
The doctrine of accursed Paine,  
The deist and republican,  
With blood and sin the land did stain;  
The sons of such a wicked race  
Should fear, and blush, and hide their face.

Should fear and blush—and so they shall—  
While history tells the damning tale  
Of deeds which may the heart appal:  
Of murderers fierce—of *cowards pale*—  
Of rebel chiefs, of brutal bands,  
Raging to slaughter heretics;  
Of priests who waved in bloody hands  
A pistol and a crucifix.  
Yes, read these deeds of demon hate,  
'Then blush and fear for "Ninety-eight!"

Before and after Ninety-five,  
The fell "Defenders"—so miscalled—  
To such a climax did arrive  
In outrage, that men were appalled:  
Murd'rous and dark the course they run—  
Bonded by secret oath to strike;  
At night was heard the assassin gun,  
At morn was seen the bloody pike;  
And dwellings doom'd to midnight flames,  
Were oft for them exulting themes.

Witness at Forkhill, in Dundalk,  
The tongueless wretch was left to bleed;  
The scalping-knife and tomahawk  
Less dreadful were in savage deed.  
The tongue cut out which taught to pray,  
The hand all maimed which taught to write,  
Bleeding and agonized they lay,  
Choaked in their gore 'till morning's light.  
Why thus was left the bleeding wretch?—  
Because he dared the truth to teach.

To guard both property and life,  
A few bold Protestants combined  
To put a check to lawless strife,  
And quell these men of savage mind;  
Soon they commenced that bold career,  
Which led to victory oft and oft,  
Soon the "Defenders" had to fear  
The Orange banner borne aloft.  
They fled where victory now begun,  
At the battle of the Diamond won.

Then rose a fierce, rebellious band—  
"United Irishmen"—who came  
With bloody pike and flaming brand,  
And swept the land with woe and shame.  
The furies raged in human guise—  
Republican, and Jesuit,  
And Atheist, whom the God denies—  
Oh! what a demon triumvirate!  
Three-headed monster, grim and fell,  
Fit cerberus for their rebel hell.

The rebels having *raised* the war,  
    *First showed outrage* with blood-red arm,  
Wild carnage was their leading star—  
    Demons they were in human form.  
Furious and clamorous on they came,  
    But greater paltrons earth ne'er saw;  
Their fire was but a moment's gleam—  
    The weak flash of a heap of straw.  
From true men's fire did cowards run,  
Though oft one hundred men to one.

Be witness Carlow, where, at least,  
    Full fifteen hundred of their crew  
Fled off in most disgraceful haste  
    From five hundred of "True Blue."  
At Tara's height four thousand men  
    Muster'd in wild and savage groups,  
But when they felt our steel, why then,  
    They fled from just four hundred troops;  
Gorey's two thousand, pale with fright,  
One hundred and thirty put to flight.

Be witness Ross's myriad host  
    Of five and twenty thousand, who  
Disgracefully the battle lost,  
    To fourteen hundred, staunch and true.  
At Arklow, thirty thousand more,  
    Of them, five thousand, each a gun,  
Felt fourteen hundred rather sore,  
    And cowards-like, away did run;  
And at Clonard five hundred fled  
From thirty yeomen all in red.

Be witness Newtown-Barry's route,  
And Hacketstown, where hundreds ten  
And more, fled from the ardent shout  
Of one hundred and thirty men.  
At Enniscorthy, thousands three,  
Three hundred brave men kept at bay;  
At Vinegar Hill, there Popery,  
With rebel priestcraft, held its sway.  
What followed?—flight did thousands save,  
And hundreds met a traitor's grave.

Oh, what a catalogue is here  
Of ignominious cowardice—  
Of savage rage, of dastard fear,  
Of sin and death, of woe and vice.  
Not e'en was valour's fire found  
O'er their dark deeds to cast a ray;  
For, if for one who stood his ground,  
Ten thousand cowards ran away;  
They feared the death that did await—  
The rebel fear of "Ninety-eight!"

The devil laughed, and hell did gape,  
Eager on human woes to feast;  
And now the fiend took human shape—  
Incarnate in a rebel Priest.  
With him came demons, grim and foul—  
Dark superstition's monkish hood—  
And bigotry's forbidden scowl,  
And persecution, red with blood;  
And vengeance raised the pike and torch  
In holy zeal for Mother Church!

Blush, Papists, for your Priest's disgrace—  
Whirling destruction's scorpion rod;  
Who should be ministers of peace,  
But slaughtered in the name of God.  
Stand forth each execrated name—  
Phantoms of blood-stain'd Priests approach;  
Kearns and Clinch—their country's shame—  
Murphy, and fiendish Philip Roach;  
And Murphy's shade from Ballyvogue  
Flies shuddering over Scullabogue.

Blush, blush, ye crew, your heads hang down,  
Blush for your wholesale murderers;  
See Scullabogue—see Wexford town—  
Their flames, their screams, their massacres.  
Before your Priests fled mercy, hope—  
They foremost in the carnage stood;  
Rebellion stained the embroidered cope,  
And the white alb was smeared with blood.  
Men who no havoc e'er could sate,  
Now fear and blush for "Ninety-eight!"

Think, ye vain fools, of what befel  
The myriads of your savage sires,  
Who dared 'gainst England to rebel,  
Who dared provoke her lightning's fire.  
Just think what England only did,  
Think what rebellion failed to do—  
A pigmy to a pyramid—  
Will ye rush on destruction too?  
Vain fools, your boast is all a cheat—  
*Ye are afraid of "Ninety-eight!"*

Deeds too terrible for the ear,  
And treachery on your name await;  
And black in history ye appear,  
Then blush, then blush for "Ninety-eight."  
And when the blush is on your face,  
For crimes which burn with shameful glow,  
Think how eternal your disgrace,  
For cowardice, contemptuous, low;  
Think of the scorn ye do create,  
*And fear to speak of "Ninety-eight!"*

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NOTE —For the truth of all these assertions, see Maxwell's impartial History of the Rebellion in 1798.



## APPENDIX.

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3. *Oh! let us ne'er forget, men.*—The house of Orange was Calvinistic, its princes being zealous supporters of the doctrine of election, and final perseverance, and in this doctrine William was instructed from childhood. His theological opinions were ~~more~~ decided, the tenets of predestination being the keystone of his religion; and he has often declared, that if he were to abandon that tenet, he must abandon with it all belief of a superintending Providence, and must become a mere epicurean. Hundreds of Calvinistic ministers proclaimed from the pulpit, "that the same power which had set apart Sampson from the womb to be a scourge of the Philistines, and which had called Gideon from the threshing-floor to smite the Midianites, had raised up William of Orange to be the champion of all free nations, and of all pure churches." This opinion had an influence powerful and unshaken on the mind of the bold and virtuous enthusiast; and it has been said, that to the confidence which the heroic *fatalist* placed in his high destiny, and in his sacred cause, is to be partly attributed his singular indifference to danger.

His wonderful escapes from death, presented in many forms, had been relied upon with pious exultation, by those who believed he was "a hero sent by Providence," in proof of his mission. In 1675, when he was twenty-five years old—and at that early age he was renowned throughout Europe as a soldier, and a politician—he was attacked with the small-pox, and which, having proved fatal to his father and mother, gave great apprehension to his friends, his country, and his allies; but by the blessing of Providence he soon recovered, and applied himself to opening the campaign against the French. In October, 1688, on the invitation of the protestants of England, he sailed from Helviot Slueys, with a numerous fleet, to crush the tyranny of his bigotted father-in-law. The first night they were at sea, a violent storm arose, which, continuing with unabated fury for twelve hours, obliged the vessels, some either to put back to Helviot Slueys, others to take refuge in the neighbouring harbours, and some driven to the North were missing for several



days. On this eventful occasion the prince was exposed in an open boat, to all the fury of the midnight storm, but God was pleased to preserve him. His frequent escapes from the dangers of the battle-field are too numerous to be compressed into a note. Take two instances out of a hundred. The French king and his generals felt the bitterest envy and animosity towards William for his valor, his glory, and his uncompromising hostility to popery; and their chagrin was increased, when, in 1676, they found him in command of the allied armies of Germany, Spain, and Holland. Louis having attacked the Spanish Netherlands, took the frontier town of Maestricht, intending to carry fire and sword into William's own territory. The prince laid siege to Maestricht, and was ever exposing himself to the greatest peril. His escapes from danger was the surprise and admiration of all; and on one occasion, having received a musket-shot in the arm, and perceiving those about him to be daunted, he immediately took off his hat with the wounded arm, and waved it about his head, to show that the hurt was only in the flesh. Providence on another eventful occasion, spread its protecting wing over the hero. On the 30th June, 1690, being the eve of the ever-memorable battle of the Boyne, King William was making his observations on the Irish camp. He rode to the pass before the village of Oldbridge, and from the side of a bank within musket-shot of the ford, took a nearer view of the situation of the enemy, and soon after proceeded two hundred paces up the river, near the west of their whole camp. Whilst the army was marching, he dismounted, and refreshed himself, by sitting on a rising ground for about an hour, which the enemy observing, they sent about forty horse, who made a stand on a ploughed field, opposite the king, and planted two field-pieces at the corner of the hedge undiscovered. The king was no sooner remounted than they fired at him, and with the first shot, killed a man and two horses very near him. This ball was immediately succeeded by another, which grazing on the bank, did, in its rise, slant on the king's right shoulder, took away a piece of his coat, ruffled the skin and flesh, and afterwards broke the cap of a gentleman's pistol. Mr. Coningsby (afterwards Earl Coningsby) instantly rode up, and put his handkerchief upon the wound, whilst the king mounted again and rode on, only saying, "*there was no necessity; the bullet should have come nearer.*"

5. *The Prince of Orange Lodge.*—Charles II., who was as unprincipled in politics, as he was corrupt in morals, signed a secret treaty with France, in 1671, which was brought about

mainly by his kept mistress, the duchess of Portsmouth, a French woman, and his brother, the bigotted James, duke of York. Charles and James, in conjunction with the king of France, had formed this confederation to destroy protestantism throughout Europe, and for this nefarious end, they determined to ruin the Dutch, the most powerful support of the reformed religion on the Continent. In the hour of danger the States-generals turned their eyes to the Prince of Orange, whom they elected when only twenty-two years old, stadtholder, and captain and admiral-general. In defence of his country and religion he shewed himself against the mighty power of France, both the hero and the statesman; and matters came to such a crisis that Louis XIV. made every effort, by offers of honor and advantage to his person and family, provided he would yield to be guided by French councils. But his soul was superior to the temptation, and his firm answer always was, "That he never would betray the trust reposed in him, nor ever sell the liberties of his country, that his ancestors had so long defended."

William, at the early age of twenty-four, was made generalissimo of the Imperial, Spanish, and Dutch armies, then confederated against Louis and Charles; and in his ardour he sighed to gain a victory in France, and there revenge the invasion of his own country. To effect this glorious achievement he brought Prince Conde, the most renowned general of his day to an action at the battle of Seneff. The success of this battle was so variously reported by each side, that it was doubtful to say to whom victory belonged. But that William gained great glory on the field, was generously acknowledged by his noble enemy, the Prince of Conde, who said of him, that "he acted like an old captain in all the action, but only venturing himself too much like a young man." General Zauch, in his letter to the States, giving an account of the action, says, "I have endeavoured to discharge my duty in attending his Highness the Prince of Orange during the bloody and famous battle between the confederate army, and that of the most Christian king, the happy issue of which, has proved so much to the glory of the Prince of Orange, who shewed upon that occasion the prudence of an aged captain, the courage of a Cæsar, and the undaunted bravery of a Marius:"

9. *Come Cheer, Brothers, up.*—The struggle in April, 1836 on the dissolution of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, which took place between the *True* men and the *Expediency* men, is, and must ever be, fresh in the memory of those who were present or

that eventful occasion. That mental conflict, bringing into collision men of all degrees of temper, and caliber of talent, caused in anxiety the most intense, and elicited flashes of thought, and strains of eloquence more bright and powerful, than ever before signalled the annals of orangeism. After two days of close deliberation, and hot debate, in which several members for the dissolution delivered very luminous orations, remarkable—as time has shewn—for false reasoning, and visionary expectations, the dissolution was decided on by a very small majority. The grief caused by this result on the minds of many, was variously exhibited: some fell into deep gloom, as if the cloud of oppression had already passed over their hearts; others infuriated at the baseness of the injustice, were highly excited, and gave themselves up to the whirlwind of their feeling; but there was one—a clergyman—he wept!

The “good men and true” of that pure and principled minority could not long permit their beloved institution to remain without its proper organization. They accordingly met, and revived—not the institution, for it never ceased, but—the Grand Lodge of Ireland. In their report, published in November, 1837, as to the propriety of reviving the Grand Lodge of Ireland, is the following forcible passage:

“That the prospect of thus allaying the hostility of our enemies—that is, by the dissolution—is unfortunately equally visionary, might be deduced from the fact already adverted to, that not one healing or salutary effect resulted from the dissolution. Though Orangeism had already ceased to exist, it was still used by our enemies as synonymous with protestantism, is the fitting appellation for every obstacle, even individually offered to their purposes—nothing was gained, even in name—protestantism was still obstinately identified with orangeism.”

10. *Raise the Song.*—That William’s name was enrolled in the annals of fame by the concurrence of all ages and creeds is undisputable; foes and friends, papist, as well as protestant, have borne testimony to his achievements, and all Christendom has gloried forth his immortality.

His life was full of strange circumstances. He was born on the 4th day of November, 1650. On the 4th of November he married Mary Stuart, his first cousin; and on the 4th of November he arrived on the coast of England. He was a posthumous child, his father, William II., having died before his birth. He was a seven-months child, his constitution weak; and his education neglected; but he was a good mathematician as regarded military tactics; and his mother, the Princess Dowager, who was an English woman, daughter of Charles I., taught him to speak English and French with fluency. Yet, as he was sent by Pro-

vidence to be the Champion of the Truth, he surmounted all obstacles; and valor and virtue have made his memory immortal.

Macauley thus speaks of him:

"The faculties which are necessary for the conduct of important business ripened in him at a time when they have scarcely begun to blossom in ordinary men. At 18, he sat among the fathers of the commonwealth in grave, discreet, judicious, as the oldest one of them. At 21, in a day of gloom and terror, he was placed at the head of the administration. At 23 he was received throughout Europe as a soldier and a politician. He had put domestic factions under his feet; he was the soul of a mighty coalition and he had contended with honor in the field against some of the greatest generals of the age."

**12. The Oldbridge Lodge.**—The battle of the Boyne, fought on the 1st July, 1690, was the most memorable conflict ever known in the British Islands. No contest of the houses of York and Lancaster could be compared to it; indeed it was beyond comparison, whether we reflect on the chiefs who fought, or the subject of their fight. Two kings in person, closely allied by ties of blood and marriage, contended for the sovereignty of three crowns; and upon the issue of their quarrel, in a great measure, depended the fate of their respective allies, and of Europe. Both armies were excited to the utmost zeal by the presence of their sovereigns, and both fought for their religion; but William was commanding an army of freemen, who, besides contending for religion, fought for their laws and their liberties. But James's army—"oh! they wanted that within which sanctifies a blow!"

King William's army having, in spite of the opposition offered by Sir Neill O'Neill's dragoons—who was himself killed in the contest—and, notwithstanding the opposing front of a squadron of Hamilton's horse, effected a position at the enemy's side of the Boyne, the fight began. Many acts of glory and valor were achieved, which threw lustre on the field, and immortality on the hero. At one time, the Dutch guards being advanced into the open field, the Irish poured down upon them a second time in great numbers, and with redoubled fury; but the Dutch firmly standing their ground, and being reinforced by other regiments, the Irish were glad to retire, upon which a fresh squadron advanced to support them, but were vigorously repulsed by the French protestants and Enniskilleners. In the first of these actions La Caillemotte, colonel of an infantry regiment of French protestants, was killed, having received his mortal wound; and as he was carried by four soldiers to the English camp, encouraged his countrymen who were crossing the river, with these words, "*a la glorie, mes enfans, a la glorie.*"—"To glory, my boys, to glory."

13. *Come join in Festive Song.*—There is allusion in the second verse to our orange decorations. The adoption of the orange colour by the friends and followers of King William is coeval with his first entry into London, which took place on the 18th December, 1688, at three o'clock in the afternoon, attended by a magnificent equipage, and a numerous retinue. We are told by Macauley, that in the procession "every hat, every carriage, was adorned with orange ribands;" and he also says that "the theatres were every night, from the pit to the ceiling, *one blaze of orange ribands!*"

Orangeism is pre-eminent to every other fraternity, for its universal identification with the *person* of its founder, and it is a distinction, of which the orangeman is proud, to decorate his breast with the profile of his hero. Far as the institution is spread—and that takes in the wide circle of the civilised world—the orange medal is to be found worn by the brotherhood; and as the memory of his actions are engraven on their hearts, the image of his countenance is placed upon their bosoms.

In Macauley's history he is thus described :

"He was now (1687) in his 37th year, but both in body and mind he was older than any other man of the same age. Indeed it might be said that he had never been young. His external appearance is almost as well known to us as it was to his own captains and counsellors. Sculptors, painters, and medalists exerted their utmost skill in the work of transmitting his features to posterity, and his features were such as no artist could fail to seize, and such as once seen, could never be forgotten. His name at once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame; a lofty and ample forehead; a nose curved like the beak of an eagle; an eye revolving like that of an eagle, in brightness and keenness; a thoughtful, and somewhat sullen brow; a firm and curved mouth; a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have belonged to a happy or a good-humoured man. But it indicates in a manner not to be mistaken, capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises, and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers."

14. *The Protestant Queens of England.*—The song is written in praise of the protestant queens of England who reigned in their *own right*, not merely as queens consort. The throne of these realms have been graced by true protestant queens consort, of whom Queen Charlotte and Queen Adelaide shine the brightest.

Elizabeth's victories over Spain and popery, and the destruction of the so-called *Invincible Armada*, and the plans of the Inquisition, and the glorious achievements of the duke of Marlborough over the French, in the reign of Queen Anne, a reign equally illustrious for the light of literature, as the light of arms will be found in Hume and Smollet.

The sphere of action of Queen Mary was necessarily very limited, but the glory of the reign was partly her glory, for she was queen in her own right. The management of affairs was often entrusted to her during the king's frequent absence in the wars, and she was ever the guardian of our protestant faith. At her death the king was in great sorrow. He loved her for her beauty, and her virtue, and ever spoke in high admiration of the purity of her morals—a very rare virtue in a very profligate age.

16. *To William's Name sound trumpet praise.*—‘The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William III., who freed us, &c.’ This our charter-toast has ever been received with all the honors and enthusiasm due to the fame of our great deliverer, who freed us from popery, and arbitrary power. It is, I conceive, a sentiment entitled to be responded to with feelings of pride for the past, zeal for the present, hope for the future; and, I think, that the few who drink our charter toast in silence, are much mistaken in their view of the sentiment. If the words were merely, ‘the memory of King William,’ there would be reason for giving a silent honor to the grave and melancholy announcement. But no; we give a sentiment which must, of necessity, light up the mind, and animate the soul—a sentiment which embodies the bright reminiscences of victories, whose lustre shed a ‘glorious, pious, and immortal memory,’ like a celestial halo around the name of the victor. There has ever been, is, and ever will be, a talismanic power in these words, too fervent, too beloved, too closely interwoven with our hearts’ brightest hopes, and our hearts’ fondest feelings, ever to be chilled or darkened by this fastidious and silly innovation of “solemn silence.”

20. *The Royal Adelaide.*—Since the days of Elizabeth, there was not a more truly protestant queen than Adelaide. Her truly protestant principles, the purity of her unaffected piety, and her munificent, yet unostentatious charity, shed a lustre round the throne, more glorious than all the blaze of royal magnificence.

21. *The Gates of Londonderry.*—Towards the end of 1688, the weak-minded and bigotted James found himself in possession of the greater part of Ireland, with the exception of the North—invincible North!—whose protestant spirit checked the fiend of popery. The scourges of war and martyrdom had been inflicted with measureless severity on the “Saxons and heretics,”

as our forefathers were designated. Yet, notwithstanding all their sufferings, the loyalists of Ulster shewed great resistance, having possessed themselves of Enniskillen, Sligo, Coleraine, the Fort of Culmore, and some other places of less note. James's army was composed of a numerous mass of the Irish serfs and rapparees, headed by their half-civilized chiefs—a few English leaders and adherents, who led on some troops; and a powerful force sent to his aid by Louis XIV., headed by some of the leading captains of the age. Londonderry, which had been favoured by James I., as a protestant colony, now attracted the malignant notice of his grandson, James II.; thither, therefore, to Londonderry—the maiden city—the star of the North!—did James send an army of 20,000 men, who vowed vengeance and extermination against the adherents of King William. But God Almighty, who, in the olden time had rescued his own in the midst of the Red Sea, and through the wilderness, did not in aftertimes desert his suffering people.

The shutting of the gates of Derry on the 7th December, 1688, against the invading army, was an act of heroism, of which history has scarcely a parallel. The horrors of siege, war, and famine paralysed the hearts of the graver citizens, who were for at once admitting the enemy within the walls. But a few brave youths, 'the 'prentice boys of Derry,' burst forth with enthusiasm in the critical moment, and their shouts and energy decided the matter; with an appalling cry of 'no surrender' they seized the keys of the city, and twelve or thirteen brave young fellows immediately mounted the ramparts, put the matches to the guns, and the cowardly and terrified enemy fled in dismay.

The sufferings of the besieged from want and disease were dreadful, and in the end, death in every hideous form, became familiar. The siege continued from the 7th December, 1688, until the 30th July, 1689, during which time the vilest eatables were sold at enormous prices.

The cup of misery was quaffed to the very dregs, and Governor Walker, fearing that these hardships would break their spirit and their resolution, tried every means to keep hope alive in the breasts of the people, and with that view, he preached on Tuesday, the 30th of July, in the Cathedral, and endeavoured to support their fortitude by impressing upon them, 'of what importance it was to the protestant religion at that time, that they should be firm to the cause, and told them that they need not doubt, but that God would at last deliver them from the tribulations they were suffering.' And in this he proved a true prophet; the wind which had been for weeks adverse to the

transports sent for their relief, suddenly changed in their favor. The season of their greatest affliction was that chosen by Providence to manifest its mercies; and the congregation, on returning from church, beheld three ships in the river, standing in full sail for Culmore. To oppose the entrance of relief, the enemy had thrown a ponderous boom across the river. The Mountjoy first struck and brook the boom, but in her rebound was driven ashore. The enemy fired all their guns upon her, and were preparing to board her, when firing a broadside, the shock loosened her, so that she passed the boom, and with swelling sail and flowing streamers, she brought relief to Londonderry.

23. *I really must give my protest.*—In 1848, some very respectable members of the institution, for whose opinion, in general, on the subject I entertain a very high respect, endeavoured by precept and example, to introduce teetotalism into the Metropolitan lodges. Their laudable, but ill-judged efforts proved quite abortive.

Let us consider the matter a little. The Orange Institution is, in its nature, highly moral, political, and social; and it was wise to combine these three great principles for our guidance and control. Our duty, therefore, is to obey God, honor the Queen, and love the brotherhood. It is plain from the nature of our institution, the time when it arose, and the men who have, and do constitute its members, that the spirit of brotherly love, inculcated by our rules, and adopted by us, is not the ascetic and puritanical feeling, which linked together the canting soldiers of Cromwell—men who were banded together in a fraternity of fanaticism, and who looked upon it as an abomination to taste the social cup, or share it with a brother—no; our brotherly love is built on the social virtues of generosity and gratitude, and is one of the three golden links which bind us together.

That most honorable and ancient Institution, Freemasonry, is moral and social; they have, during their sittings, time for labor, and time for refreshment. Had it not been social in its nature, it would have been buried in oblivion centuries ago. The social intercourse of true men at the festive board expands the heart, cements friendship, brightens zeal, and increases energy.

When the Orange Institution was most universal, it was most surrounded by danger; it was begirt by foes innumerable and watchful. Like the soldier of Cromwell, the Orangeman read his Bible, and shouldered his musket; but unlike the Crom-



wellian, he loved social intercourse; and this happiness being often denied him, from the exigencies of the times, the enjoyment, when it came, was sweeter for the privation. To promote, therefore, the social intercourse, was both wise and necessary. In our own days it is absolutely incumbent upon us to promote urbanity, and temperate festivity. All are aware how gravely, *abstemiously*, business is conducted in a lodge—the sittings being often continued until a late hour; and then, when a brother is often exhausted with fatigue and watching, he wishes for a brief relaxation, and longs to sit with one, in whose heart he can confide, and in whose heart he is beloved, at such a moment, is it wise or just to deny him the social board in his lodge-room?

The evils of excess cannot be palliated, and it is our duty to repress it, should it appear. That it has not shown its guilty head worthy to be noticed, I am certain; but even if it did, the mischief could never be checked by teetotal lodges. It is quite evident, if men are not allowed to join at their own festive board, that they will be induced to go to taverns, and the sin, mischief, and danger attendant on such places need not here be recorded. Let the evening's amusement bear the morning reflection; surely a tavern sitting, the rendezvous of every man, no matter how profligate, or disaffected, provided he can pay his score, where free intercourse is denied, except in a whisper; where all must be caution, to avoid danger, and where the free use of free opinion in song or sentiment might cause danger, perhaps death. Surely such places are not to be preferred to a happy and confidential meeting in a lodge-room, where all is security, love, and harmony.

28. *Ye Orangemen of Ireland*.—The Earl of Tyrconnell having, in 1688, as lord lieutenant and commander-in-chief in Ireland, the lives and liberties of the protestants at his disposal, was making immense efforts to raise and organize an army for their extermination. The troops were composed of hordes of wild, rapacious, and half savages, men drawn from the mountains, woods, and bogs, or miserable villages, the abodes of squalid wretchedness. These men while they were rapparees, were well versed in the arts of theft and rapine; but being now soldiers, they carried on their knavery with some degree of authority, so that in a month or two, there was scarcely a protestant in most counties (where the English were not upon their defence) but was spoiled and plundered.

The evils, both political and social, which were daily aug-

menting around the protestants of Ireland, at length called forth the united energies of the loyalty of the North. They knew that their security lay solely in their numbers, and they, therefore, consulted in common, and appointed strong guards in several places; but they foresaw that these proceedings would incense the government, and draw down an army on them, when Tyrconnell could be ready with his new levies. They, therefore, entered into associations in the several counties, "for self-defence, and for securing the Protestant Religion, their lives, liberties, and properties, and the peace of the Kingdom, disturbed by popish and illegal counsellors, and their abettors." They chose commanders-in-chief for the counties of Down, Armagh, Monaghan, Derry, Donegal, and Tyrone. They also selected councils or committees for every county, and appointed a general council of union, at Hillsborough, for all the associated counties of Ulster. These councils chose the field officers, and applied themselves to such ministers as had the greatest influence on the people for raising of men. There being no public fund to defray expenses, several gentlemen who raised regiments, armed and maintained them at their own charge. The council of union sent an address to the Prince of Orange, on the 10th January, 1689, who gave a gracious answer of approbation, and granted commissions for the newly-raised regiments, and gave promises of large supplies of military stores, and 15,000 men.

The union of Hillsborough did everything that could be performed under these peculiar and frowning circumstances. They proclaimed King William and Queen Mary; organized and distributed their forces; and Colonel Lundy, (the infamous Lundy) who, with Major Gustavus Hamilton, had the command of the counties of Derry, Donegal, and Tyrone, having given them an assurance of 3,000 men, they ordered Hillsborough to be supplied with all necessary provisions for an army. But their admirable efforts and their heroic intentions were frustrated by the treachery of Lundy, who failed to keep his word, shewing his falsehood on this and every other occasion where he promised to be true.

The union of Hillsborough was a bold, wise, and patriotic combination. It was the spring from whence flowed and spread abroad that full tide of truth, on whose wave was borne on high that spirit of love and loyalty, which has ever warmed and animated the hearts of the orangemen of Ireland.

I doubt not, but that this song (as also some others in this collection) may be objected to for its length, and I do fear it may be felt unmerciful to inflict so long a ditty upon an audience.

The reader is referred to that first of naval odes, "Ye Mariners of England," by Campbell, from whom I have borrowed the construction of the stanza; and I freely confess, that I was so fascinated with the musical and martial measure of his verse, that admiration—not, perhaps, for the first time—may have led me astray.

35. *Ye Protestant boys, ye sons of Nassau.*—The original name of the air known familiarly amongst us as "The Protestant boys" is Lillibullero. Doctor Percy says that "Lillibullero-ballin-a-la" were words of distinction used by the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641. The air, which is one of great simplicity, would in all probability, have met the fate of many others—lost in oblivion—were it not for the circumstance, that at this period (1688), some verses of wretched bad poetry; but a high satirical spirit, were produced by Lord Wharton, in ridicule of the administration of Lord Tyrconnell. The ballad became a favourite with the whole nation, a kind of mania seemed to have caught hold of all classes, for almost every one from the artizan to the peer, was whistling or singing it. It was greatly relished by the army who brought it over to Ireland. Sterne, in "Tristram Shandy," has most graphically drawn an old soldier who fought at the Boyne; and one peculiarity of the veteran was his trick of whistling "Lillibullero." When Gay wrote the Beggars' Opera, he selected the most popular airs as vehicles of his satire. One of his songs, "The ways of the Court so common are grown," was written to "Lillibullero. Doctor Burnett, in his account of his own times, in remarking on the great damage this silly ballad had done to the cause of King James, says "never perhaps had so slight a thing so great an effect." The following are the words of this old song:

Ho, broder Teague dost hear de decree,  
Lillibullero bullin-a-la,  
Dat we shall have a new deputie,  
Lillibullero bullin-a-la.

Lero, lero, lillibullero, lero, lero, bullin-a-la,  
Lero, lero, lillibullero, lero, lero, bullin-a-la.

Ho, by Shaint Tyburn, it is the Talbote,  
Lilli, &c.  
And he will cut the Englishmans' throat,  
Lilli, &c.

Dough, by my shoul, de English do praat,  
Lilli, &c.  
De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what—  
Lilli, &c.

But if dispense do come from the Pope,  
Lilli, &c.  
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope,  
Lilli, &c.

For the good Talbote is made a lord,  
Lilli, &c.  
And with brave lads is coming aboard,  
Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a swear,  
Lilli, &c.  
Dat dey will have no Protestant heir,  
Lilli, &c.

Arrah but why does he stay behind,  
Lilli, &c.  
Ho, by my shoul. 'tis a Protestant wind,  
Lilli, &c.

But see de Tyrconnell is now come ashore,  
Lilli, &c.  
And we shall have commissions gillore,  
Lilli, &c.

And he dat will net go to the mass,  
Lilli, &c.  
Shall be turn out and look like an ass,  
Lilli, &c.

Now, now de heretics all go down,  
Lilli, &c.  
By Chrish and Shaint Patrick the nation's our own.  
Lilli, &c.

This air has become obsolete in England; but it ever was and still is a great favourite with the Irish Protestants. We have made it our own, and it is now exclusively an Orange melody. So much was it prized by the early Orangemen, that the charter song of the institution was written to it.

The House of Commons having, in 1835, appointed a committee to enquire into "the nature, character, extent, and tendency of Orange lodges, associations, or societies in Ireland," a great number of witnesses were examined. Lieutenant Colonel William Blacker was examined; and the following extract from his evidence will show how the Orangemen united their sentiments with this old and sturdy air—

Question 9108—"Are the Orangemen in the habit of singing uncharitable songs?"

A. "No; certainly not."

Q. 9109—"Do you know this of your own knowledge?"

A. "I may say that I do know it of my own knowledge; for I know the song that was the original charter song of the Orange association contained some verses that were very much the reverse of uncharitable; and I know upon various occasions that I have heard those verses particularly applauded, seeming to meet the wishes and ideas of the hearers."

Q. 9110—"Can you give the song to the Committee?"

A. "Here is a copy of it."

#### ORIGINAL CHARTER SONG OF THE ORANGE INSTITUTION.

TUNE.—"Lillibullero."

Tell me, my friends, why are we met here—

Why thus assembled, ye Protestant boys?

Do mirth and good humour, good liquor, and cheer,

Call us to share in festivity's joys?

Oh, no; 'tis the cause of King, Freedom, and Laws,

That calls loyal Protestants now to unite;

For Orange and Blue will be faithful and true—

Our King to support, and sedition affright.

Great spirit of William, from heaven look down,

Wake in our hearts our forefathers, fire;

T'each us to rival their deathless renown—

From traitor or Frenchman ne'er to retire.

Jacobin, Jacobite against all to unite—

Who dare to assail our Sovereign's Throne;

For Orange and Blue will be faithful and true,

And Protestant loyalty ever be known.

In that loyalty proud let us ever remain,

Bound together by truth and religion's pure band;

Nor honor's bright cause with foul bigotry stain,

While in courage and justice supported we stand.

So heaven shall smile on our Emerald Isle,  
 And lead us to conquest again and again,  
 While Papists shall prove our brotherly love,  
 We hate them as masters, we love them as men.\*

By the deeds of our fathers to glory inspired,  
 Our Protestant heroes will combat the foe;  
 Hearts with true honor and loyalty fired—  
 Intrepid, undaunted, to battle we go.  
 In Orange and Blue still faithful and true,  
 The soul-stirring music of glory we'll sing;  
 The shades of the Boyne in the chorus shall join,  
 And the welkin re-echo with "God save the King."

39. *John Wesley*.—John Wesley was born in the (as it is called) Augustine age of Queen Anne; but, although the light of literature shed lustre on the period, dark clouds of moral degradation overshadowed the land. The profligacy of the reign of Charles II. had so widely diffused its taint, and had so deeply demoralized the public mind, that all the efforts of all good men availed but little to check wickedness, which Protean-like appeared in many and often alluring forms. It is true, that in the courts of the sovereigns who succeeded the Revolution the satyr of licentiousness dare not appear; but still the demoralization reigned rampant amongst the people. Atheism and obscenity flowed from the press. The metaphysical blasphemies of Bolingbrook, and the lewd poetry of Rochester, were sought with more avidity than the divinity of Tillotson, the epic of Milton or the lyrics of Waller. Drunkenness and adultery were fashionable vices. Religion and its ministers were turned into ridicule and sneers against holy things passed for wit and good breeding. The stage—that great organ of good or evil—true to "catch the manners living as they rise," depicted on its public boards the lewd contaminations of private life: not to expose vices, but to encourage them. From the pen of the dramatist flowed the sparkling, but licentious wit of Congreve, and the gross and open dialogue of Cibber and Farquhar, spoken by beautiful impures, and applauded by rapturous audiences.

Amidst all this pollution, John Wesley was sent by the Giver of all Good to struggle against the sins of the nation. He was

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\*" This verse has ever been hailed with peculiar approbation in Orange meetings."—*Note on the song in the evidence.*

born on the 17th June, 1703, in the reign of Queen Anne, and died in that of George III. on the 2nd of March, 1791, at the advanced age of 88, having lived under four sovereigns.

Glorious has been his career, and successfully did he accomplish his mission: distance of space, the peril of travel; inclemency of season; midnight watchings; toil; care; sickness—all the ills that flesh is heir to were braved and surmounted by one sent by providence to shed abroad the light of the Gospel among a benighted and degraded people. It pleased the Divinity to grant him a long life to accomplish the end for which he was sent; and in the fulfilment of his office, he was seen in America, (Georgia,) Holland, Germany, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and every part of England. Wherever he went, a blessing was experienced. The whole avocation of his long life was

Prayer all his business,  
All his pleasure praise.

He was a true Church of England man. A clergyman once asked him in what points they differed from the Church of England? "I answered," said he, "to the best of my knowledge, none. The doctrines we preach are the doctrines of the Church of England; indeed the fundamental doctrines of the Church clearly laid down both in her prayers, articles, and homilies."

In his latter missions, this pious and indefatigable man when he knew he had not long to live, and he saw the shadow of death slowly but steadily approaching he usually concluded his address to the heads of society thus, "love as brethern, fear God, and honor the King;" and then invariably added

"Oh that without a lingering groan,  
I may the welcome word receive;  
My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live."

42. *The Orange Maid of Sligo*.—A few years ago, business called me to the town of Sligo. The demesne of Hazlewood, belonging to John Arthur Wynne, Esquire, and the expansive waters of Lough Gill, adorned with little, fresh green islands, and surrounded by verdant and cultivated uplands, present beauties of scenery, well entitled to the praise of the artist's pencil, and the poet's pen. I was invited to join a boating party up the lake—it was the month of July; and the incident mentioned in the song happened among the friends with whom

I was sailing, and who, on that very evening, celebrated the Twelfth of July, and in less than a month, they had the celebration of a marriage.

Speaking of marriage, it may not be uninteresting to state that in the reign of King William III., there was a law passed against bachelors. By the 7th Wm. 3, 1695, a tax was laid on bachelors over twenty-five years of age. The highest was £2 10s for a duke, and the lowest was one shilling for a person of the humblest degree.

43. *The Schomberg Lodge.* 44. *The Royal Schomberg Lodge*  
 Duke Schomberg was of noble, *not* royal descent. His father was Count Schomberg, and his mother was an English woman daughter of Lord Dudley. It is somewhat remarkable, that the field of battle was destined to be the death-bed of the Schomborgs. Many of the Duke's ancestors died gloriously in conflict; and it is a very singular coincidence, that father, son, and grandson the Count Schomberg, the Duke his son, and also the Duke's son, all died "with harness on their backs." Count Schomberg fell at the battle of Prague, in Bohemia, in 1620; the Duke was killed at the battle of the Boyne, on the 1st July, 1690; and his son, the second Duke, was mortally wounded at the battle of Marsaglia, in Piedmont, on the 3rd November, 1693. The Duke was eighty-two when he fell at the Boyne; his remains are interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and there is a plaster of Paris cast of his head to be seen in Trinity College, Dublin. He was a man of great prudence, valor, and true protestant principles. He had served in the armies of the father and grandfather of William III., and it is well known how he aided the King with his courage and his counsel. He at one period was engaged in the service of the King of France, and gained so high a reputation, that next the Prince of Conde and Turenne, he was esteemed the best General there. It was a remarkable circumstance in his achievements, that while thus fighting for Louis XV., in 1676, he was opposed to King William, then Prince of Orange, who, at that time, commanded the confederated army against France; and at Maestricht, he obliged his future friend and master to raise the siege of that place. In 1685, finding that the persecution and suppression of the reformed religion was begun in France, he quitted it, plainly shewing that wealth or distinction had no value in his eyes, compared with his love of liberty and protestant truth.

At the battle of the Boyne, after King William's troops had crossed the river, the Danes were giving way, and some of them



passed the river. The Duke seeing the disorder, and perceiving the French protestants were left exposed without a leader, their Colonel, Caillemote, having been just then wounded and carried off the field, passed the river to head them himself, in such a hurry, that his aide-de-camp could not persuade him to put on his armour. When got to the battle side of the river, he encouraged the troops with this short, but energetic address—*‘Allons Messieurs, viola vos, persecuteurs.’* “Come on, gentlemen, see yonder your persecutors,” pointing to the French papists. Just then, about fifteen of King James’s guards sweeping across the field to their main body, after the slaughter of their companions—and whom the French refugees allowed to pass, mistaking them for friends—fell furiously upon the duke, giving him two wounds on the head, not mortal. The French protestants now—but too late—saw their error, only to commit a greater by firing rashly on the enemy, and one of their balls took fatal effect where it was least intended, as the duke was hit through the neck, and died instantly. His character is thus given by Harris:

“He was a man of great calmness, application, and conduct, and thought much better than he spoke; of true judgment, exact probity, and of an humble and obliging temper. He had a thorough experience of the world, knew men and things better than any man of his profession ever did, and was as great in council as at the head of an army. In his declining years his memory was very much impaired, but his judgment remained true and clear to the last. He was courteous, and yet had an air of grandeur that commanded respect.”

49. *The Battle of Aughrim.*—The battle of Aughrim was the last field battle fought in the civil wars of the Revolution—it was the great decisive blow—nothing of note occurred afterwards. Galway surrendered; Limerick was besieged, and at length capitulated; but Aughrim was a true stand-up fight, where good generalship evinced military skill, and personal valour flashed forth with all the enthusiasm which fanaticism and bigotry on one side, and religious zeal and love of freedom on the other, could inspire. The Irish were commanded by Saint Ruth, a field marshal of France, and the English were led on by General Ginckle, created Earl of Athlone, for the laurels he won at that ever-memorable siege over the French commander. The English army was 18,000 strong; the enemy, composed of 20,000 foot, and 5,000 horse and dragoons—(a dragoon at this period was a kind of soldier that served indifferently on foot or horseback)—brought 25,000 men into the field, having the advantages of number and position. The battle was fought on Sunday, the 12th day of July, 1691. The English were early in the field,

but owing to a dense fog which, like a funeral pall, hung over the fortunes of the day, no movement was made until towards noon. Just then the mist rising like a curtain, displayed the Irish army drawn up in two lines in front of their camp, which extended along the elevation of the hill of Kilcomoden, near the old castle of Aughrim. Saint Ruth, to encourage his men, ordered mass to be celebrated in all parts of the camp. The Priests, on a full assurance of a glorious victory, swore every man on the Sacrament not to forsake his colors, and to give the enemy no quarter; and the General by his harangues, animated his troops, and in his boasting, swore he would beat the English to the very gates of Dublin. From two until half-past four the armies were engaged in manœuvring and frequent skirmishing; but at five o'clock the fight commenced, the English laboring under great disadvantage in boggy, miry ground, where their horse could not act, and their infantry galled and swept down by tremendous volleys from the Irish, securely posted behind hedges and embankments. Victory at length declared for the English, having beaten the enemy from all their positions and out-generaled their General. In the fervor of his exultation at some temporary advantage, when Saint Ruth cried out that he would drive the heretics to the gates of Dublin, he was killed by a cannon ball as he rode down the hill of Kilcomoden; his troops got dismayed, fled in disorder and were pursued until night-fall. The Papists lost in this great, glorious, and decisive battle 7000 men, ammunition, tents, and baggage, 9 pieces of brass cannon, 11 standards, and 32 pair of colors, which were sent as a present to Queen Mary.

A medal was struck to commemorate this happy victory, representing King William in bust, crowned with laurel, and surrounded with his titles; on the reverse a lion trampling upon a leopard and wounding a cock in his flight from him, with this motto around, "*sic uno ferit ungue duos*," i. e. "*thus he smites two by one blow*;" and at the bottom, "*Jacobo et Ludivoco Hibernia pulsus at Aughrim*," i. e. "*James and Lewis driven out of Ireland at Aughrim*."

The Protestants lay upon their arms that night, and the next day rendered a public thanksgiving to Almighty God for this happy victory.

51. *King James II.*—The infatuation over King James's mind was so powerful, and created in him such a blind and fanatical spirit of headlong zeal for Rome and its Priesthood, that in these days it might be looked upon as a *mona mania*.

Not content with being, and considered as a faithful son of Mother Church, he actually became a lay-brother of the Order of the Jesuits. In a letter written by the Jesuits of Leige, to their brethren in Fribourg, in Switzerland, they stated his admission into the Order; that he expressed great joy for the honor; that he wished for many priests from them for the conversion of England, which he would effect or die a martyr; and, they added, that when one of them knelt down to kiss the King's hand, he raised him, and said, "Since he was a priest he ought rather to kneel to him and kiss his hand." The chief representative of the Jesuits at Whitehall was Father Edward Petre, he was an English brother of the Order, and Vice-Provincial in England. he was in great favor with James, who, to have his counsels always at hand, made him Clerk of the Closet. He was of a high family, of courteous manners and pleasing oratory; but weak, vain, covetous, and ambitious. Of all James's bad advisers he was the foremost; he was the foulest of all the birds of ill omen, that portended ruin to the house of Stuart.

One of the most unjust and tyrannical acts of James, and the one which hastened his downfall, was his treatment of the seven Bishops. The King, as a first step to bring the papists into power, and eventually to crush protestantism, took upon himself a notoriously illegal prerogative, the dispensing power, and in the exercise thereof, issued a declaration for liberty of conscience, which, under the mask of toleration, hid the foul visage of his bigotted religion. In order to make the Church of England instrumental in her own ruin, he ordered this declaration to be read in the churches, and called upon the bishops to distribute it through their diocesses. The order was not obeyed. The clergy omitted to read it in their churches; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and six of his suffragan bishops, refused to distribute it. For this virtuous resistance to "tyranny and arbitrary power," they were sent to the tower; tried, and acquitted, to the great joy of the people. The fervor was caught by the army then encamped at Hounslow Heath; and even the presence of the King could not restrain their exultation.

Another of King James's evil stars was Richard Talbot, afterwards Lord Tyrconnell. This man was sprung from an old Norman family, long settled in Leinster; but their unworthy descendant, adhering to popery, adopting the manners of the natives, became degenerated and rude, and shewed conspicuous in the feuds of rebellion of 1641. Richard Talbot was the fiercest, and most implacable foe of all those who hated the

liberties and religion of England. He was initiated early in life to vice and dishonor; and "lying Dick Talbot," as he was called, was known in London as a first-class bully and sharper. He was introduced to Charles and James in their exile, as one fit and willing to murder the protector. After the restoration, wishing to ingratiate himself with the royal family, he attempted to do so by the foulest means. James had seduced Anne Hyde under promise of marriage—he wanted an excuse to break this promise, and Talbot said he would blast her character. He spread a report that she was a creature without virtue, shame, or delicacy; spoke of private interviews he had with her, and instanced one circumstance of an inkstand of her father's, the Lord Chancellor, being upset on a pile of papers, which she said was done by her monkey. All these foul aspersions he afterwards owned were falsehoods. If James was an upright man, he would have spurned the slanderous wretch from his presence. But, no: he was received at the palace, and not only admitted to be a partaker of royal riot, but was consulted on state affairs, that is, the undermining of the protestant religion. Such a master was worthy of such a servant. Immediately after James's accession, he created him in 1686, Earl of Tyrconnell, and on arriving in Dublin, in March, 1689, made him a Marquis and a Duke; but these latter titles he had not then the power to confer. He was no longer the fountain of honor; for having fled from the throne, it was declared vacant, and he was no longer king.

His minion Tyrconnell was sent to Ireland, to re-model the army, then about 7,000 strong, all protestants. The object of this re-modelling was to deprive the officers of their commissions, and by persecution drive the men to mutiny, and thereby get rid of them by death, and fill all vacancies with papists. Tyrconnell executed his commission with the most insolent and imperious temper, barbarity, and falsehood; and had not the army been the most loyal in the world they would have mutinied. Finding he could not goad them into error, he displaced the officers, and turned off the private soldiers, crowding into the ranks papists, rogues, and rapparees. His conduct as Lord Lieutenant, having displaced the Earl of Clarendon, James's brother-in-law, in that office, was equally cruel, tyrannical, and unjust; in a short time every privy counsellor, judge, sheriff, mayor, alderman, and justice of the peace, was a celt and a papist. So dreadful was his very name to the protestants, that thousands—wealthy citizens, extensive merchants, artizans, civilians of every grade and profession, fled

from Ireland for the safety of their lives, after suffering tortures, robberies, and insults from the soldiery, and taunts and revilings from the priests, who, from the altar and in the streets, reached persecution against the heretics and Orangemen.

But the day of retribution was at hand; and Derry, Aughrim, Boyne, Limerick, Enniskillen, and Athlone, all and every place where our fathers fought, bled, and won, smote to the ground James's bigotry and arbitrary power.

James, after his defeats, having retired to France, gave himself up to a constant habit of hunting. Pity for his misfortunes was lost in sneers for his slavish bigotry, and mean abandonment of all energy to recover the throne; and at length he was looked upon by the courtiers with disgust. He was perpetually surrounded by Jesuits, affecting to be one of their society; and his bigotry was so excessive, that it exposed him to a sarcasm from the Archbishop of Rheims, who, seeing him coming from mass, exclaimed, "There goes a very honest gentleman who has abandoned three kingdoms for a mass."

53. *The Diamond Lodge.*—For some years previous to 1798, the spirit of disloyalty to the crown, and hatred to the protestant, evinced itself in open disaffection, and midnight outrage, robbery, and assassination. In the years 1794 and 1795, a lawless and sanguinary confederacy was formed in the North, under the name of "The Defenders," a title very inapplicable, as it was composed of men blood-thirsty, bigotted, and aggressive. So wide-spread at length became their villany, that the protestants formed themselves into a protective body for self-defence; and the famous conflict, called the Battle of the Diamond, fought between the protestants and defenders, in consequence of an irruption of the latter into a district of the County of Armagh, near Loughall, to oppose which the protestants assembled, was the origin of the formation of the first Orange lodge. In the middle of September, 1795, about the 16th, the defenders collected in the neighbourhood of the valley of the Diamond, for the avowed purpose of wreaking vengeance on the "bloody heretics." The protestants met to oppose them, and kept them under control for some days, defeating them in several skirmishes. On Monday the 21st September, it was agreed, by the persuasion of a protestant gentleman, aided by the influence of the parish priest, that the parties should separate peaceable; and under the assurance that hostilities had ceased, the protestants departed towards the close of the day. They had not long retired, when a fresh body of defenders came

to the valley of the Diamond, and began venting their fury on the house of a peaceable protestant named Winters. Intelligence of this outrage was quickly conveyed to the loyalists, who were on their way home, who instantly returned to the scene of action, poured down upon the defenders who had mustered in the valley, routed the assailants, and the setting sun saw their triumph and forbearance.

Several accounts have been given of the battle of the Diamond. Sir Richard Musgrave mentions it; an article appeared in the University Magazine on the subject; and Maxwell slightly alludes to it. But the best, because the most authentic, account is, that given by Lieutenant Colonel William Blacker, on his examination before the select Committee on Orange Lodges, on the 4th August, 1835. At the risk of being, perhaps, thought prolix, I cannot refrain from giving the evidence of this time-honored veteran, affording as it does, a true history of the origin, and a faithful statement of the principles of our Institution.

"Question. Are you a member of the Orange society?"

"Answer. I am."

"Q. How long have you been so?"

"A. It wants about six weeks of 40 years."

"Q. You, of course, then are able to give the committee some account of its origin?"

"A. I think I am."

"Q. Can you do so from hearsay, or from personal knowledge?"

"A Both."

"Q. From whom have you chiefly acquired your information?"

"A. My principal information was derived from a very respectable old gentleman in the County Armagh, Captain Atkinson, of Crow hill, who took a principal part in the transaction that led to the origin of the Orangemen, and also from several others of a lower rank in society, who were mixed up with these transactions."

"Q. Do you consider the information which you received from those persons to be authentic?"

"A. Perfectly so."

"Q. Will you state the amount of it?"

"A. The amount of the information which I received at different times was, that a large body of persons, called Defenders, had made an irruption into a district of the County of Armagh, near Loughall; and the protestants of that district assembled to oppose their progress. I believe their principal intention was, to disarm the district; the protestants assembled

to oppose them, and there came to their assistance protestants from other districts of the County, particularly from the neighbourhood in which I reside."

"Q. What neighbourhood is that?"

"A. The neighbourhood of Portadown."

"Q. Is this information derived from others?"

"A. Yes; it is derived from the authentic sources above mentioned."

"Q. Can you state the date of it?"

"A. Monday was the 21st, the great day, and I think it began about the Wednesday before, in September, 1795. The parties skirmished, if I may use the expression, for a day or two without much harm been done. Mr. Atkinson on one side, and the Priest of the parish on the other, did their best to reconcile matters, and thought they had succeeded, as the defenders had engaged on their part to go away, and the protestants to return to their homes. At that time, as I understand, a large body of defenders not belonging to the County of Armagh, but assembled from Louth, Monaghan, and, I believe, Cavan, and Tyrone, came down and were much disappointed at finding a truce of this kind made, and were determined not to go home without something to repay them for the trouble of their march. In consequence they made an attack upon the house of a man named Winters, at a place called "The Diamond;" it is a meeting of cross roads where there are only three or four houses; word was brought to the protestants, who were on their return home, of what had taken place; they returned to the spot, attacked the defenders, and killed a number of them."

"Q. Were you yourself at all mixed up with the transactions of the Diamond?"

"A. I was."

"Q. To what extent?"

"A. I was a very young lad at the time: it so happened that my father was making some alterations in his house which occasioned a quantity of lead to be removed from the roof; a carpenter's apprentice and myself took possession of a considerable quantity of this lead, ran it into bullets, and had it conveyed to the persons of my neighbourhood that were going to fight the battle of the Diamond."

"Q. Were you on the spot when the battle was fought?"

"A. I was not in time to be under fire, but immediately as it was terminating."

"Q. Can you speak from your knowledge as to the state of the protestants prior to the battle?"

"A. I have always understood they were in the most persecuted state; that they were worried and beaten coming from fair and market upon various occasions."

"Q. What did you see at the Diamond?"

"A. When I got up I saw the defenders running off in one direction, and the firing had nearly ceased, I may say had ceased, except a dropping shot or two, and I saw a number of dead bodies."

"Q. Can you state about the number?"

"A. No; they were conveying them away upon cars in different directions, so that I could not make an exact calculation."

"Q. Were there 30?"

"A. No; if there were 30 killed that was the outside."

"Q. Were there any protestants killed?"

"A. None that I could hear of."

"Q. How did that happen?"

"A. The protestants were in a very commanding situation. Winters house and the Diamond generally is at the foot of a very steep hill; the other party were in that hollow, and, consequently, men firing upon them from above could do great execution without being liable to be injured themselves."

"Q. The defenders were the assailants, were they?"

"A. Yes; they were."

"Q. Was the first Orange Lodge formed then?"

"A. It was."

"Q. Where?"

"A. I understand it was formed in the house of a man named Sloan, in the village of Loughall."

"Q. Have you seen any of the original warrants?"

"A. I have; I think I have one of them with me."

"Q. Will you have the goodness to produce it?"

(The same was delivered in, and read as follows)—

No. Eighty-nine.

Timakeel, July 7th, 1796.

JAMES SLOAN.

To be renewed in the name of Daniel Bulla, Portadown district.

"Q. What was the principle upon which they were founded?"

"A. Wholly defensive."

"Q. Has the association ever varied from that principle since?"

"A. I do not consider it has in the slightest degree."

"Q. Then you consider the Orange Society to be a strictly defensive society; not in the slightest degree aggressive?"



"A. Certainly."

"Q. Do you conceive that you have had opportunities of forming a fair estimate of the effects of the system?"

"A. I conceive that I have."

"Q. Can you take upon yourself to say what those effects have been?"

"A. I consider, in the first place, that the establishment of Orange Lodges was the first thing that checked the march of republicanism and rebellion in the North of Ireland, when the United Irishmen were on foot; they afforded a rallying point for the loyalty of the country. I consider they have been productive of various advantages: besides, in a moral and religious point of view, I am sure that the discipline of those lodges has gone far to prevent many young men from falling into vice of different kinds, such as intoxication. They had a character to support, and *felt* that they had a character to support. I am sure it brought many to read God's Word, and to attend God's worship, who, but for that, would have been ignorant and idle."

56. *Luther*.—Germany seemed destined to be the destroyer of Roman power. It was the avenging arm of a barbarian chief, issuing from the forests of Germany, which crushed the power of pagan Rome. It was the outburst of the burning eloquence of an humble monk issuing from his cell at Wittemberg, which laid prostrate the power of popish Rome—the withering power of dark superstition—chaining down the energies of the immortal soul.

A papal bull having issued against him, he committed it to the flames in the presence of the members of the University of Wittemberg, for which daring act he was cited to appear at Worms, to answer for his doctrines. "The Mighty Hunter," as he called the Pope, demanded his victim; and on to Worms went emperor, prince, and peasant, all anxious to see the man who had dared to lift his voice against the pope. "Do not go," said his friends, "I will go," said Luther, "if there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on its house tops." He set out on his journey, and on the morning of the 16th April, 1521, came in sight of Worms. On his journey he had composed a hymn, and set it to music; and when he beheld the tower of the ancient City, where the fate of the Reformation was to be decided, he rose up in his waggon, and sung the hymn; this celebrated song of divinity is sung by the Germans to this day.

The following is Carlyle's translation:—

A safe stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon,  
He'll keep us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
The ancient prince of hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell;  
Strong mail of craft and power  
He weaveth in this hour—  
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can—  
Full soon were we down ridden;  
But for us fights the proper man,  
Whom God himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye who is this same—  
Christ Jesus is his name;  
The Lord Zebaoth's son,  
He and no other one  
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,  
And watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore,  
We know they can't o'erpower us.  
And let the prince of ill  
Look grim as e'er he will,  
He harms us not a whit—  
For why?—his doom is writ—  
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,  
One moment will not linger,  
But spite of hell shall have its course—  
'Tis written by His finger.  
And though they take our life,  
Goods, houses, children, wife,  
Yet is their profit small—  
These things shall vanish all;  
God's city it remaineth.

59. *Latimer*.—Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, suffered martyrdom along with Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, both being burned together on the 17th October, 1565, in the reign of bloody Queen Mary, at Oxford. He had been edu-

ated at Cambridge, and so zealous an advocate was he there for Romanism, that, in his oration on being made Bachelor of Divinity, he strongly censured Melancthon, the German Reformer, and friend of Martin Luther. But it pleased God that his heart should be changed, and that he should stand forth a holy champion for the glorious Reformation. We are told by Fox, that at the stake the venerable and pious Latimer stood fearless and erect, and that his garb bespoke his poverty, his dress being a long shroud, hanging down the whole length of his person. When a lighted fagot was laid at Ridley's feet, Latimer said, "Be of good cheer, Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day, by God's grace, light up such a candle in England as I trust will never be put out." When the faggots were ignited, he cried out, "Oh Father of heaven, receive my soul;" embracing the flame, he bathed his hands in it, and soon his holy spirit was released.

61. *Wickliffe*.—John Wickliffe, as the precursor of Martin Luther, was called "The star of the Reformation;" he was a bold, talented, and pious man. In 1324, he began that great work which Luther accomplished two centuries later. He commenced by exposing the system of Friar-begging; their mendicancy became troublesome and audacious, and they even announced from the pulpit that Christ was a common beggar. Having been sent by Edward III. on a mission to Rome to expostulate against the exactions of the church, he had an opportunity of penetrating into the policy of popery, and from thenceforward he never ceased to expose its foul corruptions. He boldly weighed against the Pope, his usurpation, his infallibility, his pride, his avarice, and his tyranny. He was the first to term the Pope "Antichrist." He also loudly exposed the grandeur and voluptuousness of the Bishops; and contrasted their pomp with the simplicity of the primitive bishops. His next courageous and daring step was to impeach the doctrine of transubstantiation; and his last great act was to give to the world our English translation of the Bible. As the advocate of truth, he was persecuted by the church-men; as the fearless exposers of vice in high places, he was beloved by all good men. To avoid the vengeance of Urban VI., he retired into obscurity; and ere long was released from his enemies, having died, in 1384, of the palsy. His opinions spread wide after his death, his followers being called Lollards. In 1401, a statute was passed against them; by it all Lollards who remained obstinate were handed over to the civil power, and burnt as heretics. Shortly

after the commencement of this persecution, not less than thirty-six suffered martyrdom at Saint Giles' in London. They were hung upon gibbets, and faggots placed under them; as soon as they were suspended, fire was then set to the faggots, so that they were burnt while hanging. One of the victims was Sir Roger Archer, whom the fiends in human form distinguished from the rest of the sufferers; they stripped him stark naked, and executed him in that indecent manner.

64. *Achievements of Enniskillen*—The County Fermanagh suffered great persecution from the undisciplined and brutal soldiery sent into the North by Lord Tyrconnell. The heroic conduct of Derry set a bright example, and Enniskillen took the same bold, and unflinching resolution. The town of Enniskillen was, at the time of the Revolution, not like Derry, which, having the advantage of considerable fortifications, could rely upon its artificial strength, and bid defiance, as it did, to thousands of besiegers, but was a small and inconsiderable spot, depending solely on its natural advantages, being situate in a small island on the narrow part of Lough Erne, narrowed into the limit of a moderate river. The island is composed of two small hills, and some flat land, which, at that time, was subject to inundation in winter, and is scarce half-a-mile in length, and a quarter in breadth. At each end it was connected with the main land by a stone bridge, the western having a square tower and gateway, the eastern had a draw-bridge. The town was composed of one broad street, and the principal building was a large strong Castle, the seat of the ancestors of the Earl of Enniskillen. The island is commanded by several hills on the main land, one particularly to the east, which was of great importance to preserve, rising like a cone, surrounded by a fort of mere sod-work, which commanded all around, from whence a covered way was cut down; the hill communicating with the town by a bridge.

It was not, therefore, the strength or importance of the place, such as Derry, fitted to bear a glorious siege, which hath given it so conspicuous and honorable a place in the history of Irish Protestantism; but it was the zeal, perseverance, and iron courage of our forefathers alone which gave celebrity to the achievements of Enniskillen. Thither a great number of the brave men of the County Fermanagh fled, and being joined by many from Cavan, Monaghan, Donegal, Leitrim, and Sligo, retired to this fastness as into a camp, and being under strict discipline, issued out at all points on the enemy. This body of protestants,

though collected from different localities, were from their union and association called "The Enniskilleners"; every where, at Bundroose, Newtown-Butler, Cavan, Boyne, Aughrim, and other places, they were conspicuous for the most unabated ardour, and undaunted courage, which neither dangers or difficulties could extinguish, but served rather to excite their daring, and lead them to victory. The eulogium passed on them by the biographer of King William (Harris), may be here truly repeated: "The spirit which animated them merits a higher name than courage; it was rather a *divine fire* kindled from above, and kept alive by a just sense of those two invaluable blessings—*Religion and Liberty*."

In December, 1688, Tyrconnell ordered the place to be seized for King James, being advantageously located as bordering on Connaught; but the inhabitants followed the example of Derry, and refused entrance to two companies of Sir Thomas Newcomen's regiment; of which they sent off word to Mr. Cairnes, at Derry, begging assistance, but he could afford them none. They had, therefore, to depend on their own valour, and the righteousness of their cause for success; and as hope was founded on courage and a good cause, they were eminently successful. Their glorious example was followed by their successors, the Orangemen of Ireland, who, in 1798, saved the country from rebellion and popery.

Derry, Boyne, and Aughrim stand proudly in our annals: the first conspicuous for its unconquerable resistance, and heroic martyrdom; Boyne, on whose banks royalty *dethroned* and *enthroned*, fought for a mighty nation; and Aughrim, the last battle-field of the revolutionary war, where tyranny and arbitrary power was laid low for ever. But, with the exception of the plains of Aughrim, no where did the papist Irish suffer so great a slaughter, as at the Battle of Newtown-Butler, sometimes called the Battle of Lisnaskea, being fought in the neighbourhood of both places.

So high was the heroic character of the Enniskilleners held by King James, that he was determined by one mighty effort to utterly exterminate them. Like Xerxes, he came with myriads of mercenaries, and bigot slaves, to crush freedom and the freeborn; but the objects of his hate, like the Greeks of old, scattered his legions over the field, and trampled his banner in the dust.

The plan of extermination was formed in July, 1689, and it was then arranged to attack the Enniskilleners at once by three armies from different quarters: one was led from Munster

by Justin M'Carthy, Lord Viscount Mountcashel, being 7,000 strong; another immense force came from Connaught, led on by Sarsfield; and the Northern army poured in from the North, headed by the Duke of Berwick (James FitzJames), a bastard son of James II., by Arabella Churchill, sister of the Duke of Marlborough; so that the Enniskilleners—a mere handful of men compared to their enemies—seemed in the eyes of their opponents entangled as in a net, out of which no human power could relieve them. But there was a power—a super-human power, the power which, by its Champion Joshua, ordered the sun to stand still, that power fired their heart, and nerved their arm to take victorious vengeance on their implacable enemies.

The Enniskilleners having notice only of the motions of the Connaught army to attack them, at their doors, sent 1,000 men under Colonel Lloyd to check them. A forced march of 24 miles brought him face to face with the foe, and though five times his number, routed them with great slaughter on the River Bundroose. The loss of the Enniskilleners was but slight; they left several hundreds of the Connaught army dead on the spot; many were drowned in the river, and a great number were made prisoners.

The Duke of Berwick's power was next dealt with. While Colonel Lloyd was absent at the battle of Bundroose, the Duke, coming to the knowledge of the garrison being weakened of 1,000 men, was resolved to try what force could affect against valour; with this view he marched with a strong body of horse from the North. He came within about half-a-mile of the town, approaching the pass of Cornacree, having Lough Erne on the south, another Lough three miles in circuit on the south, a boggy country behind it; at the end of the pass next the town stood a strong mill, a few houses, and a fort at the end of the town which commanded all. It is plain that a few men posted in the mill, and placed so as to line the ditches, might defend this pass against an army. The Enniskilleners, therefore, sent 74 foot, and three troops of horse, with strict orders not to advance beyond the pass; but the undaunted foot, not accustomed to wait for an enemy, and with more zeal than prudence, no sooner saw the Duke of Berwick's troops on the opposite hill, but they rushed beyond the pass, and attacked them in their descent there fighting with great disadvantage; 40 of them were slain, 23 made prisoners, and 11 escaped back to the town badly wounded. Notwithstanding this disaster, the pass was still maintained; for the horse, obedient to their orders, stopped there, and defended it with unshaken bravery against the Duke,

who, after all his efforts, could not overcome this handful of men, and at length withdrew his army.

Another formidable enemy yet remained—the Munster army, commanded by Lord Mountcashel. On the 26th July, an express arrived from Colonel Creighton (ancestor of the Earl of Erne), announcing that he was besieged in his Castle at Croom by the Munster army; that he had but two companies, and requested relief. The next morning fifteen hundred men, being nearly the entire body of the Enniskilleners, arose with the sun, and went to meet the foe. The main body pursued the great road over Maguire's Bridge, but a small party of two troops of horse and two companies of foot, commanded by Captain Martin Armstrong, took a short route near Lough Erne, and close to Lisnaskea. On this line they met Lord Clare's regiment of Dragoons, considered the very flower of King James's army for fine men; splendid uniforms of royal scarlet, discipline, and ardour. Armstrong quickly lined the hedges with his foot—made a feint attack with his horse, fled as if in disorder, and thus drawing his foe into the ambushade of his foot, poured in a tremendous volley, inflicting great slaughter on the enemy; the horse at the same instant facing about, fell on with such irresistible fury, that this much prized regiment was nearly cut to pieces, very few escaping by flight. Animated by this success, the Enniskilleners quickened their march to Newtown-butler, near Croom Castle, where the Irish were prepared for battle, posted to advantage on a hill, approached only by a narrow road through a bog defended by artillery, and seemed so secure, that so far from fearing an attack from so espicable a force as the Enniskilleners, that they might have met the onset of an army even superior to themselves; but the Enniskilleners rushed furious over the bog, attacked their foes on the ascent, drove them from their guns which they turned against them, and opened the road through the bog for their own horse. In the first onset, Lord Mountcashel was taken prisoner; this, with the taking of the artillery, spread such a panic through the Irish army, that they fled. A general rout took place; they were pursued for three miles to the Comber Water (Castle Saunderson), and a terrible slaughter marked the pursuit. The flying foe were intercepted at Watling-bridge, and a party of about 400, having made a stand in an angle of the river, where they neither asked quarter, nor shewed fight, were driven into the river, and all perished. The enemy's loss in the pursuit, in the battle, and in the defeat of Lord Clare's regiment, was computed at 4,000 men; the remaining

3,000 fled up the river to Clounish. The Enniskilleners are reputed to have lost but 20 men killed, and about 50 wounded.

66. *Philip Melancthon*.—Philip Melancthon was born 16th February, 1497, at Brettan in Saxony, alike remarkable in early youth for studious habits, promising talents, literary attainments, and meekness of disposition. At the early age of about 20 he was appointed Greek professor at the University of Wittenberg, where Martin Luther was a doctor in divinity. An immediate and lasting friendship sprung up between these two great men, which only ceased with life. A singular coincidence occurred regarding them; Luther came into the world 14 years before Melancthon, and Melancthon remained on earth 14 years after Luther. He was the invaluable associate and confidant of the great Reformer, who was aided by his wise and temperate counsels, and great literary attainments. He forwarded the Reformation by his writings, his piety, the bland and winning sweetness of his disposition and manners, his charity and benevolence, his home being ever open to the poor, who were never sent away empty. To him was assigned the important task of framing the *Augsburgh Confession of Faith*, the materials for which were furnished by Luther. Possessed of such excellence of character and abilities of mind, great but unavailing efforts were made by the papists to gain him over to their cause, and his name had obtained so much celebrity among the nations as a champion of Reform, that he was successively invited by Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England, to visit their respective courts, but which he declined. The mildness of his disposition, and the soundness of his judgment, were often of great use in keeping down the often too ardent and fiery zeal of Martin Luther. His constitutional softness was by some accounted too yielding; yet in all doctrinal points, he maintained the character of an enlightened and inflexible protestant. The integrity of his principles, and the intrepidity of his mind, burst forth on every occasion; and his biographer relates, that when Cardinal Campesegnis at last refused all toleration of the protestant faith, he made this mild, but resolute reply:

"Well, then, we commend ourselves and our concerns to God; if He be for us who can be against us? We shall wait with patience whatever may happen to us. If it be necessary, we would (if such be the will of God) rather fight and die, than betray so many souls."

69. *George Walker*.—The City of Derry being threatened with a siege, shut its gates on the 7th December, 1688. Captain James Hamilton arrived there on the 21st of March, 1689



with a commission from King William, appointing Colonel Lundy—who afterwards was found to be a traitor—governor of the City. Already his conduct had created suspicion, and his subsequent acts proved his villany. About the middle of April, King James's forces approached Strabane, and great efforts were made by several gentlemen to raise regiments, and watch and report the movements of the enemy. One of the first and most active was the Rev. George Walker, Rector of Donoughmore, County Tyrone, who, to aid and support the persecuted protestants, raised a regiment principally at his own expense. On the approach of the popish army at Strabane, he quickly informed Lundy of the coming danger, who treated the intelligence as a false alarm. Mr. Walker, in obedience to Lundy's orders, was stationed at a place called Long-causeway, but, in consequence of the advance of the enemy—the passes of the river Foyle having been left unguarded through the trickery and evasive conduct of Lundy—had to retreat for protection to Derry with his forces, the gates of which were shut against them by Lundy's orders, and they remained all that night outside the walls. Ultimately Lundy, after several base attempts to surrender the town to King James, fled in disguise to Scotland, and the Rev. Mr. Walker and Major Baker were appointed governors.

Very little has been handed down to us of the conduct of Mr. Walker. He has left behind a work detailing the progress of the siege, which he called "a true account" of it; but his modesty prevented him saying much of himself. Yet the few actions on record of him shew plainly the excellence of his character, and how admirably calculated were his rare qualities suited to the eventful time and place which made them so conspicuous.

On the 21st of April, 1689, the siege commenced by a brisk cannonade from the enemy. The garrison sent out a force against the assailants, and here Walker's first heroic achievement took place. Early in the onset the troops of the besieged were forced back. Walker, seeing the disastrous consequences likely to result from this retreat, mounted a horse, and by his energetic example rallied the men, and relieved Colonel Murray who was surrounded by the enemy. During all the misery of the protracted siege, Governor Walker did every thing which wisdom and forethought could suggest; his prudence, courage, and piety were evinced upon all occasions, and both by precept and practice, he kept alive in the breasts of the famished inhabitants sentiments of resignation, valor, and virtue. Although misery and death stalked around, his never-ceasing cry was "no

surrender"; and on the 30th of July, he called together his emaciated fellow-sufferers in the Cathedral; he cheered their fainting hearts with the spirit of prayer and of prophecy; he told them "of what importance their perseverance was to the protestant religion at that time", and he prophetically announced "that they need not doubt, but that God would at last deliver them from the difficulties they were under." His prediction was verified; for in about an hour after his sermon, relief came to the starving citizens. So great was the confidence reposed in him, and so high the opinion entertained of his abilities on all important occasions, that he was unanimously chosen to present an address of thanks to King William and Queen Mary, for the assistance sent to the besieged City. He was most graciously received, and the king rewarded his eminent services by a present of £5000.

When the siege was raised, Governor Walker, considering that it would be incompatible with his sacred profession to hold any prominent position as a military man, resigned the command of the regiment he had raised in favor of Captain White; but his spirit could not rest while danger was abroad; although not in military command, he was still active in keeping alive the energies of the persecuted protestants.

King William landed in Carrickfergus on the 14th June, 1690, in the evening; he arrived at Belfast, and was met by Duke Schomberg, and other eminent persons, one of the most distinguished of whom was Doctor Walker, who hastened to follow the banner of the Champion of civil and religious liberty, to whom he presented an address in the name of the episcopal clergy, introduced by the Duke Schomberg. Alas! brave men, they knew not while they were thus standing in the sun-shine of royalty, that, in a few days, they would be enveloped in the shadow of death, doomed to fall together at the memorable conflict of the Boyne. William and James were eager to meet, and decide their contest for the throne. They met—they fought—and William and liberty won the day. The brave Walker crossed the river with Schomberg, and very soon after the Duke was killed. Walker received a wound in the abdomen, of which he died instantly.

At that battle the King was attended by brave men and ardent patriots, but Walker was superior to them all; for to the zeal of bravery and patriotism which glowed in his heart was added the holy light of piety, whose benign influence like "a small still voice," chastened down the energies of the chief to the merciful precepts of the divine. As the soldier, he could

cheer men to the field of battle; as the priest he led them to religion, "whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

70. *A song to the Lark*.—The circumstance here stated of  
 "The lark's merry song  
 Cheer'd the hero along,"

is not mere poetical fiction; it is, at least, traditional. In the autumn of 1850, I had occasion to be on the demesne-lands of Dowth, situate on the river Boyne, contiguous to Oldbridge, and about a mile and a half beyond the obelisk, and which had been the patrimonial estate of the Lords Netterville. On my return into Drogheda, I was accompanied part of the way by an intelligent old peasant, whose ancestors had resided on the lands since the early part of the last century. We came down through King William's glen, and stood beneath the obelisk, at the foundation of which, my guide informed me his great grandfather was present; he also told me that he heard his father relate, who had it from his father, that on the morning of the memorable 1st July, 1690, King William arose shortly after the break of dawn, and about five o'clock issued from his tent. On the instant of his majesty's appearance, a lark was seen to ascend from behind the royal tent, and kept poised in the air, pouring forth the melody of his wild and spirited song, directly over the king's head, while he stood communing with his officers, and giving the orders for battle. After some time the bird descended, but again arose not far from the spot where William stood, and again soaring above him, renewed his song with increased melody and life; then flying across the river towards the enemy's camp, in the direction of Donore, seemed with his song to invite the king onward, who, looking up, seemed to say, "Thou marshall'st me the way that I should go." From this circumstance, magnified by the zeal of the soldiers, into a positive indication of success, and a joyous omen of a glorious victory, the lark was long called in that country, "King William's bird—the bird of the Orangemen."

71. *John Knox*.—The Scottish Reformer was born in 1505, at Gifford, in east Lothian; and before 25, was ordained a popish priest. Constant reflection and close examination of the writings of Saints Jerome and Augustine, brought his mind to a deep reverence for, and a true knowledge of, the Holy Bible. As a natural consequence, he became a protestant, and openly avowed his principles in 1542. This bold step brought on him

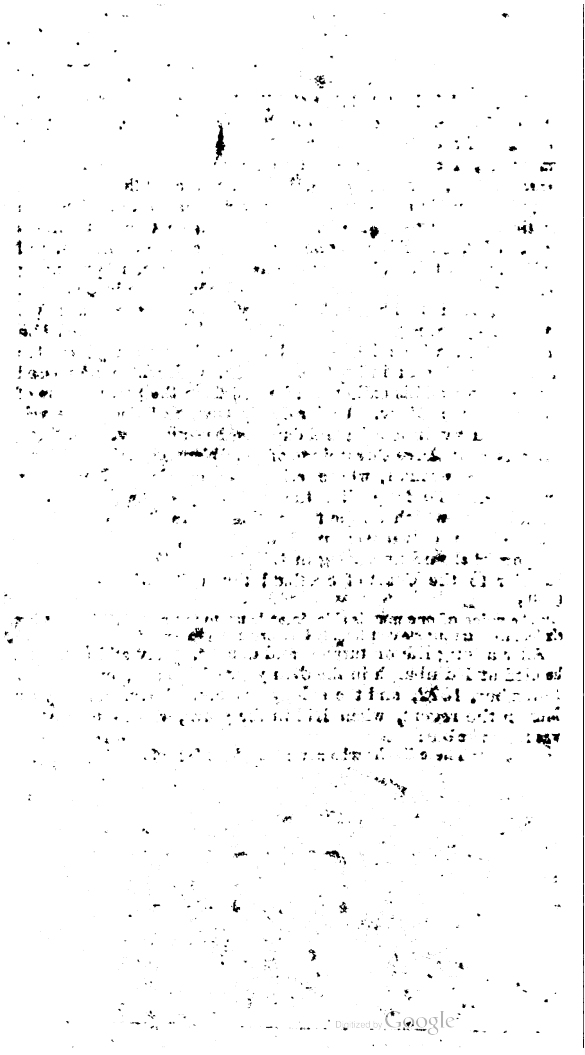
troubles; and it is stated that Cardinal Beautoun hired assassins to take his life. To escape the threatened danger, he fled to the castle of Saint Andrew, which having capitulated to a French armament, Knox was carried to France, and made a galley slave. Here, for 19 months, he suffered all the rigours and indignities which the papists were accustomed to inflict upon heretics. He was liberated 1549, and from thence until his death, 1572, his life was one unceasing course of action, full of piety, zeal, talent, boldness, and perseverance, in preaching and promulgating the doctrines of the Reformation in Scotland, England, and Switzerland. The young King Edward VI. patronized him, made him one of his chaplains, and offered him a bishoprick, which he declined from religious scruples. He was the friend and intimate of Calvin, with whom he passed some portion of his exile when he fled from the persecutions of bloody Queen Mary. Under Mary Queen of Scots, he was surrounded by difficulties and dangers, having to combat all the wily arts and fierce threatnings of that bigotted, criminal, and unfortunate woman, whose crimes he openly and fearlessly denounced. To keep alive the spirit of protestantism among the nobility, which all the fascinations of the Queen, and the power of the crown were used to frustrate, his pulpit oratory was powerful and unceasing in Edinburgh. The English Ambassador to the Court of Scotland thus writes of him to Lord Cecil:

"The voice of one man is able, in an hour, to put more life in us, than six hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears."

After a long life of turmoil and danger, piety and firmness, he died at Edinburgh in the 67th year of his age, on the 24th November, 1572, and the eulogy pronounced over his body by Morton the regent, when laid in the grave, was as true as it was remarkable:

"There lies he who never feared the face of man."









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